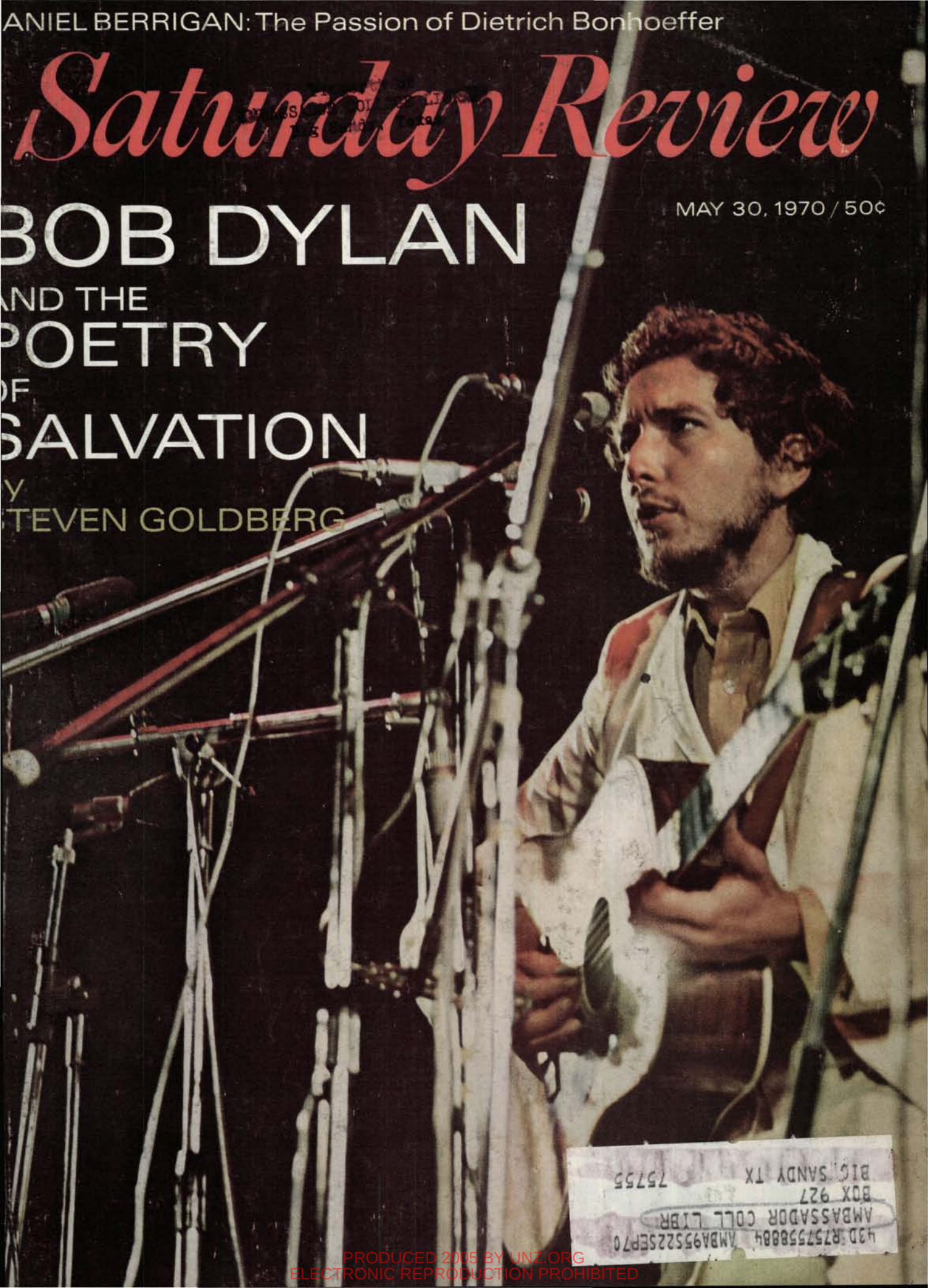
ANIEL BERRIGAN: The Passion of Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Saturday Review

MAY 30, 1970 / 50¢

BOB DYLAN
AND THE POETRY OF SALVATION

BY STEVEN GOLDBERG



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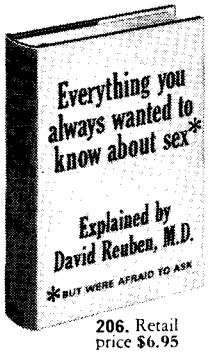

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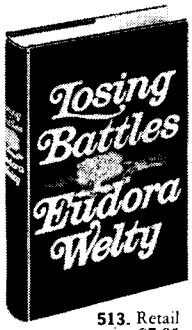

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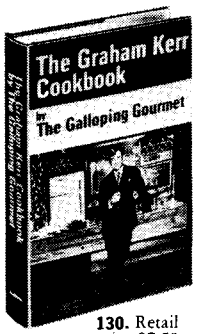

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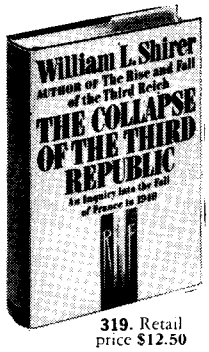
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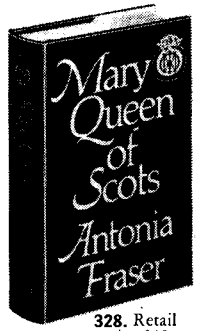

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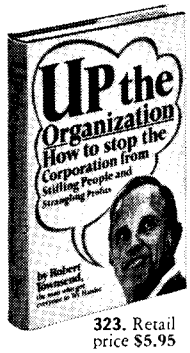

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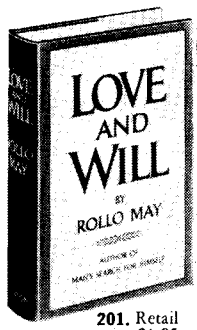

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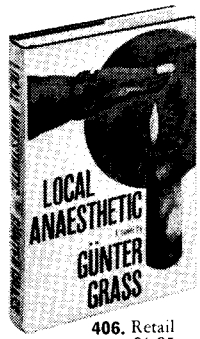

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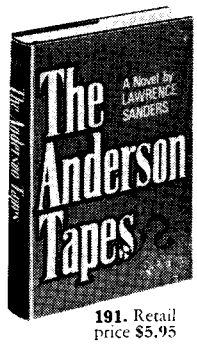

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Saturday Review

Cover story, page 43

Bob Dylan and the Poetry of Salvation

by Steven Goldberg

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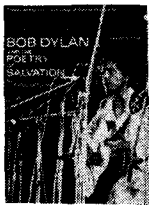

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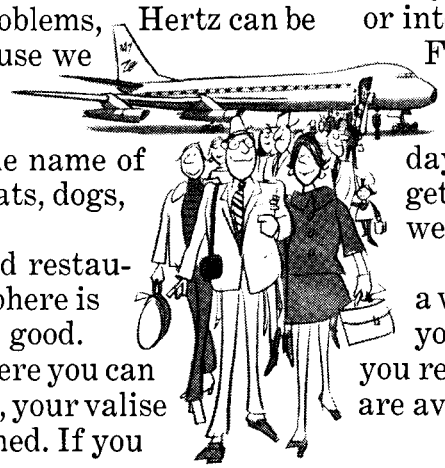

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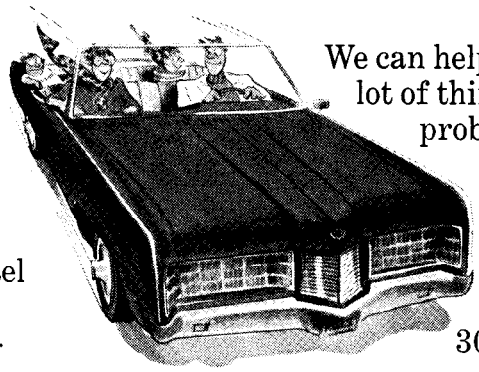

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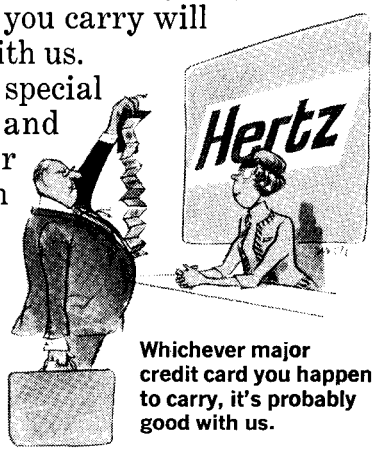

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Inside Story

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—Keep off the grass—beware of the dog—drive carefully—children at play —begin construction—wait for flag—slow—form one lane—caution, men at work—end construction—resume safe speed—

—Yield—one way do not enter—enter here—caution, merging traffic—do not pass on right—quiet, hospital zone—impeach Earl Warren—support the college of your choice—be safe in the arms of the Lord—fight inflation—fight communism—fight cancer—fight fear—love one another—use indicator signals when changing lanes—get more satisfying flavor with nifty, thrifty First for Thirst—

—Slow—pay toll ahead—keep left for exact change lane—if coins miss basket stay in your car, sound horn and wait for attendant—fasten seat belts—go to church Sunday—win with Wallace—fly now, pay later—resolve to save—vote for Grabowski—spend a pleasant night at Ziggy's Motel, magic fingers, ezee rest mattresses, adjoining restaurant and color TV—vote Row A all the way—support our boys in Vietnam—turn back you just passed Ziggy's—

—Reduce speed, tunnel ahead—test your brakes—stay in line—remove sunglasses—do not sound horn—dim lights—maintain speed on upgrade—stay seventy-five feet behind preceding vehicle—replace sunglasses—visit exotic Tropical Gardens—have a Camel—quit smoking for your children's sake—see the giant alligators—keep Catawba green—keep South Northville clean—see the exotic monkeys—come to Jesus—fight fascism—take care, they care—take the kiddies for an elephant ride—take the next exit for Howard Johnson's, fresh-caught seafood and forty-seven flavors of ice cream—

—Bear right—stop—crossover at light—enter—park here—welcome—wait here for hostess—have a delicious rum and cherry juice—drink all the coffee you want at no extra cost after the first cup.

—Enter—push do not pull—stand close—do not throw anything in the bowl—flush after using—press button to release and tear upwards—rub hands slowly and lightly under nozzle —adjust clothing before leaving—exit —pull do not push.

—Caution: cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health—make $150 a week in your spare time—see our offer inside—send for our shoe salesman kit—wear one pair of shoes free and sell shoelaces and Brite Gleem shoe polish as sideline—close cover before striking—

—Read the *Times*—take a box of candy home to the kiddies—get your little girl a cuddly outsize woolly rabbit—pay here—have a mint—take a toothpick—buy a cake and take it home—come again—

—Exit here—avoid tolls, take Route 50—stay on 50, avoid traffic—slow, merging traffic—keep right—vote Republican—don't be a litterbug—begin thirty-mile speed—come to Canada—see America first—buy a piece of Vermont—ask Mr. Cyzbycz—proceed at your own risk—gas up—have a Tampa —fly now, pay later—save for that rainy day—say it with flowers—brush your teeth three times a day and see your dentist twice a year—trust in the Lord—visit Ausable Chasm—

—Think—post no bills—commit no nuisance—stay on Route 50, topless ahead (after 8 p.m.)—vote as you please but vote—learn to fly—keep awake—take Sominex and sleep, sleep, sleep—give her an emerald—think Florida—

—Exit—begin construction—wait for flag—slow—form one lane—caution, men at work—drive carefully, children at play—resume safe speed—beware of the dog—keep off the grass—leave messages here—

"Hello, dear, have a nice drive?"

CHARLES J. MCDERMOTT.

It's for You, Peewatooaloo

When the Bell System recently expanded phone service to the Arctic, it merely accepted the tradition of Eskimo preference for single names. Look at a phone book for the Baffin Island region (Area Code 418), which is up north of Hudson's Bay, and you will find the entries going thus:

Edwards, James B.	Frobisher Bay 681
Erkloo	Frobisher Bay 752
Etheridge, Lt. Dwight K.	Frobisher Bay 226
Arreak	Igloolik 38
Kyak	Pond Inlet 23
Pudloo	Frobisher Bay 785

Other Eskimos around Baffin Island, to be sure, sneer at such old-fashioned ways and prefer to list themselves American style. To do so, they are not required to adopt our full pattern of first name, middle initial, last name. On the contrary, many appear quite casually, like this:

Alex	Resolute Bay 973
Danielle	Pond Inlet 21
Sarah	Frobisher Bay 431
Tommy	Cape Dorset 13

One large group has gone half-American but stayed half-Eskimo, and they appear in the phone book thus:

Ikkusik, Julius	Nain 876
Meekitjuk, Mick	Frobisher Bay 276
Pashagumiskum, Eddie	Fort George 925

Others have translated their names. Bobby Snowball, David Sealhunter, and Jackie Bullfrog are all Bell customers in this group. One name or two, Eskimo or American, all goes with Bell. This is true no matter how much trouble it makes for the operators. There are, for example, two customers identically named Echalook, one listed below the other in the village of Cape Dorset. No street addresses. (No streets.) Sweet are the uses of freedom.

This isn't to say that the phone company isn't putting a *little* pressure on these people. It is. Subscribers in the Arctic village of Obedjiwan, for example, are subtly encouraged to be like subscribers in Toledo. Obedjiwan's fifty-eight phone customers belong mostly to four families—the eighteen Awashishes, the twelve Chachais, and so forth. All fifty-eight, when they look up a local number, see a discreet notice at the bottom of the page: "A recreation room phone is wonderful for the whole family." No jokes about igloos, just a straightforward ad. Similarly, Koonoo and Peewatooaloo and the other twenty-six customers in Pond Inlet are reminded daily, "A kitchen phone lets mother make or take calls without dropping everything." In this one area Bell makes no concessions to the tenor of Eskimo life. But in all others it does.

—NOEL PERRIN.

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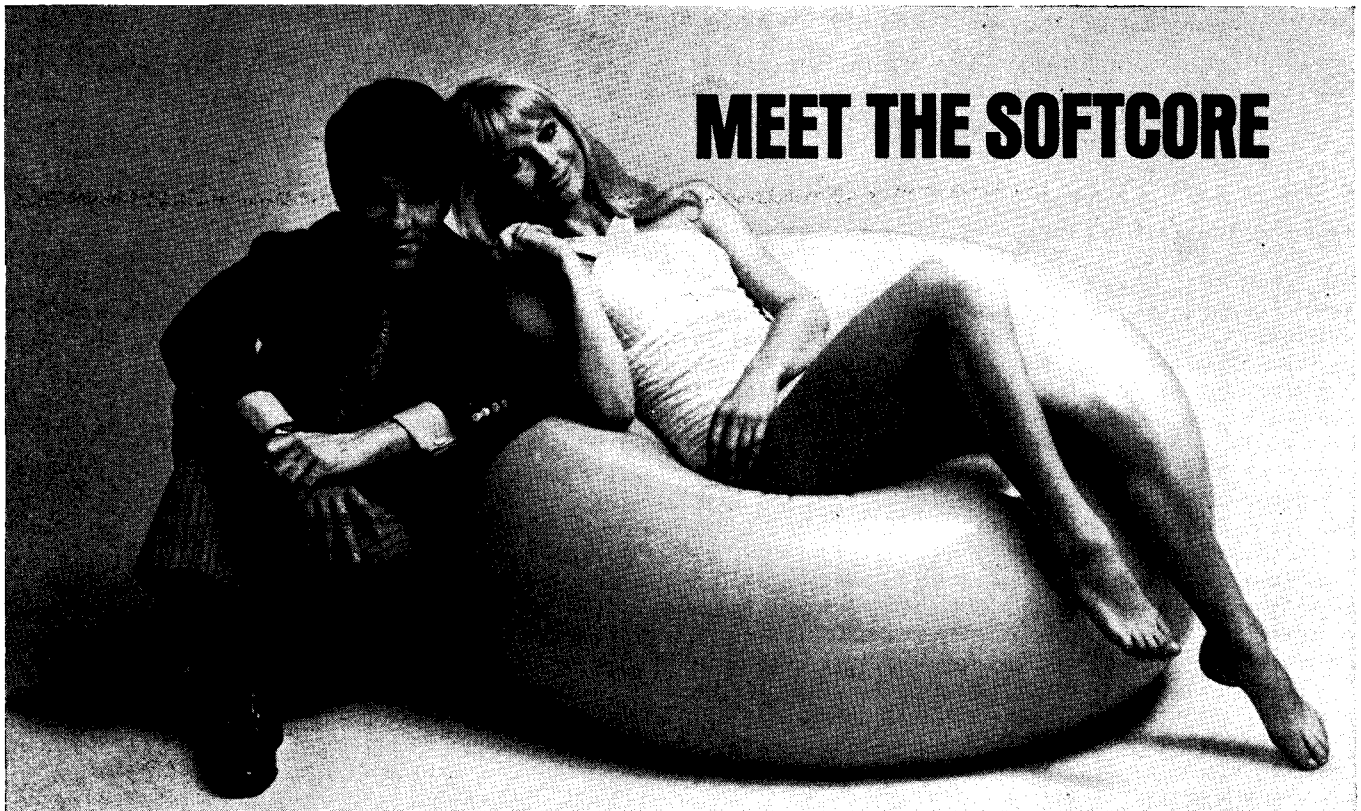

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Your place doesn't have to look like everyone else's. You deserve something special. Let the "wet look" softcore chair make your rooms come alive. Pump the chair full of beer and throw a party. Take it to the beach and ride the waves. Picnic with it in the countryside. It folds into a neat little package that you can carry anywhere. And inflates in seconds.

This chair is tough, triple-laminated and leak proof. Thoroughly tested prior to shipment for your protection. Should someone needle it, repair it with the self-adhesive patches we supply ***free.*** We absolutely guarantee the quality of these chairs.

At our amazingly low price of $9.95, and with our exclusive guarantee, you can't go wrong. You can even afford to order two. Don't just sit there. This is your chance to ***blow your own without blowing your bankroll.***

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Let us send you the softcore chair. Indulge yourself for a week. Prove that all we say is true. If you are not satisfied, return the chair for a full refund.

To order this impressive inflatable softcore chair, fill out the coupon below and send it with check or money order to FULMON ENTERPRISES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017. Act now.

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Gentlemen: Rush me the softcore chair. If not completely satisfied I can return it within a week for a full refund. I enclose payment for _____ chairs @ $9.95 each plus $1 postage and handling ($10.95 total). My color choice is ( ) red ( ) black ( ) crystal ( ) yellow ( ) blue ( ) orange ( ) white.

☐ I'd also like a matching hassock for $3.
☐ While you're at it throw in a handy portable foot pump for $2.
☐ Send me all three: chair, hassock and foot pump for $14.45 **postpaid (a savings of $1.50).**

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP____

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Canadian residents pay U.S. funds plus $2 shipping. © 1970 Fulmon Enterprises.

SR-3

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Once in Love with Emmy

IT'S ABOUT that time now when the television industry gives itself its 1969-70 Emmy Awards for work brilliantly done—a TV year that will long live in memory for the cancellation of James Thurber's *My World and Welcome to It* and saw fit to give us an hour special starring Raquel Welch.

Fortunately, it was too late in the season to consider giving an Emmy to that special. New York State recently liberalized abortions, but not this ill-conceived psychedelic mishmash. As I sat through it, I got the feeling I was dreaming up a grotesque TV program. It was only when the Coca-Cola commercials came on singing "It's the real thing" that I knew I was wide awake.

Even though *My World and Welcome to It* was taken out of next season's schedule, fans of the program who admired its special quality may find some comfort in the irony that it was good enough to be nominated for an Emmy. Only Nielsen didn't like it, and as Nielsen goes, so go the networks.

How the judges came to give this dear little program a nomination, one can only surmise:

"OK," the head of the committee says, "we come now to a program that has been canceled out of the next schedule. I never watched it myself, but I'm sure some of you may have. I've heard several people mention it. What do you say we nominate it? Let's see a show of guts. Good! OK, now let's move on to *Hee Haw*. Personally I watch this one, and I—"

But nitpicking aside, it has always been a puzzlement to this viewer how the TV industry can bring itself, with a straight face, to put on those interminable specials honoring excellence in the medium. Unless they are indeed put-ons.

Excellence in TV can be counted on the fingers of one-and-a-half hands and can be explained in five minutes. In the hour specials category, the dialogue is created—manufactured is a better word—to appeal to the lowest denominator.

It never changes. Jack Benny is niggardly, George Burns likes to sing, Dean Martin drinks, Perry Como sleeps, Jimmy Durante has a nose, Jackie Gleason has flab, Raquel Welch has a bosom, and Bob Hope points it out. And any actor who can't get arrested will never be on Jack Webb's *Dragnet*.

I confess that in my years as a writer for the Perry Como show I contributed my share of sparkling platitudes. When a girl singer from the West Coast was a guest on Perry's program, I gave my hero these lines to speak:

"Are you having a good time in New York?"

"Am I ever!" she replies, looking obliquely over Perry's shoulder at the cue cards. "I've seen some wonderful plays on Broadway."

"Did you see *Fiddler on the Roof?*"

"Oh yes. Isn't that a wonderful song from that show?"

"You mean—?"

Music sneaks in, and they're into a duet of "Sunrise, Sunset."

That Mr. Como sustained his hour for twelve years can be attributed solely to the fact that I didn't write his voice. His reason for giving up his weekly series was that he couldn't bring himself to sing today's tunes. They don't write songs like "Ave Maria" anymore.

In the half-hour situation comedy category, the programs are a desultory repetition of themselves. There are a few exceptions: *Room 222*, and of course the late lamented *My World*, and one other that I won't mention, for fear they'll cancel that one too. Just between us it's—quietly now—*The Governor and J. J.*

This is 30 for me on TV until next season. What batch of half-hours are already being filmed and added to their laugh tracks to entertain us next season is anybody's guess. Especially the guess of the network programmers. The question is will the TV executives love them in December as they do in May? Only the Nielsen rating knows for sure.

So you see, dear viewers, it's all up to you and the shows you watch. Maybe I can help you keep the ratings down on the more dreadful programs. And I have a system that will save you a lot of time doing it. There are two rules of thumb that should govern your dialing. They go like this:

1) If your *TV Guide* says: "Debbie sets out to get Jim a raise, but her efforts result in his dismissal," turn it off. Read a book.

2) If a program begins with the husband coming into the living room from his office, and calling out "Honey, I'm home," turn it off. Go to a sex movie. Or, better still, go to bed.

Pray for Tuesday.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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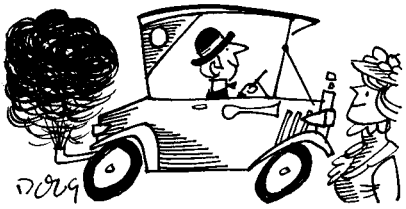
Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

As this is the final TRADE WINDS I shall write, it is my last chance to thank those readers who have been sending me fascinating, amusing, sardonic, illuminating, and off-beat clippings, items, letters, ideas, menus, labels, and much more for lo these past thirteen years. One hundred pieces of correspondence a week, not counting press releases, is more than I have been able to reply to. So this is the only way I can answer, and express gratitude to you. You have been writing this column as much as I have.

For example, Nancy Essig found something very worthwhile in *Reason Awake: Science for Man* just published by Columbia University Press, and written by René Dubos, the Pulitzer Prize-winning biologist-author. He quotes the *Scientific American* for July 1899:

> The improvement in city conditions by the general adoption of the motor



> car can hardly be overestimated. Streets clean, dustless, and odorless, with light rubber-tired vehicles moving swiftly and noiselessly over their smooth expanse, would eliminate a greater part of the nervousness, distraction, and strain of modern metropolitan life.

A three-week course on literature about blacks was about to begin in the schools in Fluvanna County, Virginia, when white officials discovered, to their horror, the books that had been purchased for it. The black literature program was killed, and the offending books were banned. They were *Lilies of the Field, Black Like Me, Growing Up Black, Raisin in the Sun, Nigger of the Narcissus,* and *The Autobiography of Frederick Douglass.*

At a public meeting, citizens heard how close their children had come to being corrupted. Charles Manning, county supervisor, said that the books contained obscene words and also referred to "incidents which happened a hundred years ago." He was not opposed to the program, but he cried, "For God's sake, give us some history we can be proud of!"

A novel about the cold war in Berlin during 1958-1964, *Holes in the Wall* by Jerome Bahr, has just been published by Robert B. Luce, Inc. Bahr has been writing for a long time and holds the distinction of having had Ernest Hemingway write a preface to a volume of Bahr's short stories that came out in the 1930s. It is apparently the only book Hemingway ever did a preface for. The two men were friends for years, but Bahr tells me the friendship cooled abruptly.

Bahr was visiting the Hemingways in Cuba. One warm afternoon, as they were sitting around drinking rum and discussing the state of literature, a third person asked Bahr which novelist he considered the greatest living American writer. Bahr thought it over carefully and replied, "Faulkner." There was a long silence, and the party broke up. Since then, Bahr has been wary of rum on hot afternoons.

Word comes that in a museum in Denver, Colorado, a card in a showcase reads: THE OBJECT OCCUPYING THIS SPACE HAS BEEN REMOVED. Also reported is a sign on a Boulder vacant lot: FOR SALE. SHOWN BY APPOINTMENT.

Most impressive, however, are the instructions M. W. Martin found tacked in an elevator in a Colorado Springs government building:

> DEFENSE PROCEDURES
> FOR ELEVATOR NO. 4
>
> Take shelter. Pick up wardens from floors 2 through 5 and take to first floor. Return to basement. Note: In case of actual emergency, elevators will not operate.

I have so often repeated malapropisms of students that it is nice to hear from an Ann Arbor teacher that her colleagues are often guilty, too, of assaults on the language. A staff member's report on salaries stated that "renumeration" was inadequate. The report was concluded: "Respectively." My informant—who naturally wishes to remain anonymous—heard a teacher describe an auto accident in which the car crossed the meridian. Another teacher, pleased with the effectiveness of a cough medicine, was asked if it contained codeine. "I don't know," she replied, "but it does have milligrams." And another of these Michigan Malaprops was heard to say that something was "a pigment of his imagination." There you are, students. Doesn't that make you feel better?

Sharps and Flats: Willard Fraser demands, "Who says we ain't got culture in Montana?" and tells of a restaurant in Columbus, Montana, where the powder rooms are marked "Pueri" and "Puellae."

► A notice outside a clothing store in Boston's fashionable Newbury Street: WE HAVE BUTTON-FLY LEVIS. OPEN TILL 10 TONITE.

► The public relations people are mobilizing as they never have before. Target of their attack is Robert Townsend's best seller *Up the Organization,* in which he says that the first thing a chief executive should do is fire his PR department.

► A plane from Colombia, South America, landed at Miami International Airport. Its cargo consisted of hundreds of snakes, iguanas, and other jungle creatures bedded down on sacks of marijuana. Two days later, the man who was to get the seventeen crates of writhing boa constrictors, monkeys, and tropical birds was found shot in the head, and his body stuffed into the trunk of an abandoned car. A detective on the case declared, "It looks like there's a lot more to it."

► Harry C. Bauer had this to say after reading *The Selling of the President* by Joe McGinnis: "Mr. Nixon received 34,108,546 votes in 1960 and 31,783,783 in 1968. Some selling job."

► One of the more interesting items of news is that *The American Heritage Dictionary,* which has sold 440,000 copies, more than *Portnoy's Complaint,* is going to be made into a movie. The big problem is casting the many juicy parts in the story. Tony Curtis has been signed for a role. Marshall McLuhan is doing the screenplay. It will make a fine motion picture, combining religion, sex, love, hate, pollution, aardvarks, and zebras.

► Do you remember Minnehaha? She was the Indian girl who laughed at short skirts.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1885)

KURT VONNEGUT:
CAT'S CRADLE

Beware of the man who works hard to learn something, learns it and finds himself no wiser than before. He is full of murderous resentment of people who are ignorant without having come by their ignorance the hard way.

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Saturday Review
May 30, 1970

New Course for the New Left

by IRVING HOWE

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The following essay, the introduction to my book "Beyond the New Left" to be published later this spring by the McCall Publishing Company, was written before the recent events in Cambodia and at Kent State. I find it encouraging that in the tremendous student upsurge of protest there has been thus far mainly a stress on the need for democratic and nonviolent political change. The hope for this country is to find a politics combining radical measures with liberal values, and if the students stick by something like that combination they can do enormous good.*

What *is* the New Left? The phrase has become part of our journalistic currency, but the phenomena to which it points are barely a decade old and remain strikingly diverse in character, scattered in organization, and sometimes incoherent in statement. In any traditional sense, the New Left does not comprise a structured political movement. Whenever it has tried to form a national organization, as at the disastrous Conference for a New Politics held in Chicago during the summer of 1967, it has quickly fractured into several hostile groups. Students for a Democratic Society, the major New Left group, has recently split into three or four embattled factions, with the two main ones using physical violence on one another, as if intent upon re-enacting the worst of Stalinism. As Mark Rudd, leader of the SDS Weatherman faction, was quoted in *The New York Times* of September 26, 1969: "We sometimes beat them up [the other faction] and they beat us up. What we usually do is beat them up when we find them."

The New Left has become an important force, but only in certain limited segments of American society. It has made no impact on such major institutions as the trade unions, or on such major social groups as the working class—by traditional Marxist expectations, the lever of revolution. It has not been able to establish itself as a significant presence in either national or regional politics (e.g., the pitiably small vote received by Eldridge Cleaver and Dick Gregory in the 1968 Presidential election; the failure of New Leftists to win even a primary in a stronghold like Berkeley). But the New Left has had a notable effect on campus life; it has exerted an oblique but measurable influence on the more extreme black militants; and it has contributed to the growth of a distinctive "youth culture."

Some questions about New Left influence are hard to answer. The claim is often made that it has played a major role in mobilizing public sentiment, even if through confrontationist shock tactics, against the Vietnam War. My own judgment is that large sections of both the American population and our political leadership turned to opposing the war mainly out of a realization that it could not be won short of an intolerable escalation. Nevertheless, it seems likely that on this score, despite some exaggeration, the New Left deserves credit. It did play a valuable role in stirring dissent against the war; it did serve as a pressure on the conscience of liberals. Yet, the paradox that must be noted here is that such credit is of a kind that the New Left cannot, in ideological consistency, be very enthusiastic about. For a central New Left dogma has insisted that "the system can't be changed," and that to achieve even limited ends it is necessary to complete a wholesale social transformation, what is these days very loosely called "a revolution."

Insofar as the New Left claims credit for mobilizing popular sentiment in behalf of changing U.S. policy in Vietnam —and I think it has some right to make that claim—it undercuts its own "revolutionary" theories and tacitly acknowledges that, despite its intentions and rhetoric, it has played the role of a reformist pressure group mobilizing sentiment for change within this society. I see nothing dishonorable in playing such a role; I wish only to point to the problems it presents the New Left. And let me also stress that it is not I nor people of my persuasion who insist that achieving short-range goals within the present society is incompatible with working toward long-range social change.

If, however, we do try to estimate the immediate consequences of New Left activities, we must also look at the other side of the balance. We must ask ourselves: How much sentiment has it helped to mobilize for the far Right? To what extent has it contributed to the victories of Nixon in the country as a whole, Reagan in California, and Stenvig in Minneapolis? Now, there is no completely accurate or "scientific" way of measuring the consequences of any political conduct, not even conduct as abrasive as that of the New Left; but every available source of evidence—from opinion polls to electoral results to the use of common sense—indicates that among large segments of the middle and working classes there has set in a strong, and sometimes violent, reaction against New Left methods. My impression is that the more candid New Left spokesmen would not deny this, for, believing as they do in "polarization" (that is, in provoking large numbers of people toward the extremes of the political spectrum, there-

IRVING HOWE, author of *The Decline of the New*, is on the faculty of CUNY. *Beyond the New Left*, copyright © 1970 by Dissent Publishing Corporation.

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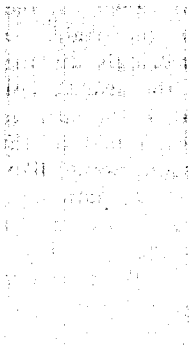
"Who with a reasonable impulse to self-preservation and democratic survival would care to test out the dispensation of a Tom Hayden or a Mark Rudd? Worthy fellows, perhaps, but better powerless."



by dislodging and disabling the liberal center), some of them would actually see the growth of the far Right as a tribute to their own effectiveness. And so it is, although hardly in the way they suppose. For what the New Left, in its thoughtless fascination with apocalypse, fails to consider is the probable line-up of forces in this country if there is to be a polarization during the next few years—to say nothing of the probable victor in such a showdown.

Other questions concerning its influence are equally hard to answer. To what extent, for instance, was the recent appearance of that promising political tendency we call the New Politics—the Leftist-liberal coalition associated with the campaigns of Senator Eugene McCarthy and the late Senator Robert Kennedy—a consequence of pressures from the New Left? There can't be an assured reply, but I for one would be prepared to say that yes, some of the credit should go to the New Left. Saying that, however, I would also want to note that most New Left segments, and especially SDS, sneered at and refused to support Senator McCarthy's candidacy when he rallied public sentiment against the war. One New Left spokesman, Tom Hayden, was even reported to have declared that "a vote for George Wallace would further his objective more than a vote for R.F.K." (*Village Voice*, May 30, 1968).

So far, the New Left has made few serious contributions to political thought or cultural experience. Whatever interest the New Left shows in political theory is usually directed toward the work of older writers whose work it appropriates and sometimes twists for its own ends. But the New Left has had a considerable impact on intellectual styles and fashions, reviving radical sentiments in elderly men of letters who found it expedient to restrain themselves during the conservative Fifties, providing a rhetoric of excitement for young writers often well attuned to the demands of the market, and helping to make "radicalism" a hot journalistic property in magazines as various as *Esquire* and *The New York Review of Books*.

In its few years of existence the New Left has already gone through two distinct phases. The first was a phase of populist fraternity, stressing an idealistic desire to make real the egalitarian claims of the American tradition, a non- and even anti-ideological approach to politics, and a strategy of going into local communities in order to organize oppressed minorities. Perhaps the major stimulant to this early New Left was the upsurge of the American Negroes in the early 1960s, when they began to struggle for their dignity as men and their rights as citizens. And perhaps the most dramatic action of the early New Left was the journey hundreds of young people took in the summer of 1963 to live and work in Mississippi, helping Negroes organize themselves for local community and political ends. The main slogan of that moment —appealing but vague—was "participatory democracy." From the viewpoint of those of us committed to the politics of democratic socialism, this first phase of the New Left was, despite occasional tactical blunders, a profoundly welcome and promising reinvigoration of American political life.

The second phase of the New Left signifies a sharp turn: away from fraternal sentiment and back to ill-absorbed dogma, away from the shapelessness of participatory democracy and back to the rigidity of vanguard elites, away from the loving spirit of nonviolence and back to a quasi-Leninist fascination with violence. In this second phase, the New Left grows in numbers yet makes certain, through its sterile authoritarianism, that it will not be more than a blown-up reincarnation of the radical sects of the past.

What are the causes of this sharp change? The breakup of the Negro-labor-liberal coalition that had sparked the civil rights movement and ensured the victory of John F. Kennedy; the despair, much of it warranted and authentic, over U.S. involvement in Vietnam; the rise of separatist and nationalist sentiment among black youth; an intense disillusionment not only with liberal politics of the moment but with the whole idea of liberalism; and the growing appeal of the "Third World Revolution" conceived (or misperceived) by the New Left as an odd blend of romantic anarchism and Leninist toughness. In this second phase of the New Left, it sometimes seemed as if the SDS were transforming itself into a society for the resurrection of the god that failed. Notions, dogmas, ideologies, and slogans that an earlier generation of radicals had discarded after painful reflection and experience now came back in crude form. The theory of "social fascism," Stalin's contribution to the victory of Hitlerism, was transformed into a theory of "liberal fascism" by SDS leaders. The idea of a self-appointed "vanguard" that will prod the sluggish masses into rebellion—one of the more dubious contributions of Leninist orthodoxy—was uncritically embraced by middle-class students whose view of the actual conditions, sentiments, and needs of "the masses" was utterly lacking in reality. The notion that "bourgeois democracy" is no more than a mask for the domination of

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capital and therefore not to be valued by radicals found strong echoes in the Sixties. And perhaps most distressing of all, the liberal values of tolerance and respect for the rights of opponents were sneeringly dismissed in accordance with the arid formulas of Herbert Marcuse. To be sure, not all New Leftists succumbed to this authoritarian debauch. Some, like Greg Calvert, former SDS national secretary, complained sadly about the "Stalinization of the New Left," and looked back wistfully to its earlier years; but in the main, the drift was toward the sectarian wastelands.

It would now seem that we are on the verge of still another phase in the development of the New Left. Some elements within it—the Weathermen and the Crazies, for example—seem to be abandoning what they have regarded as orthodox Leninism and to be turning to a mixture of violent adventurism, staged desperation, and even hooliganism, all marked by serious symptoms of social pathology. Any contrast between the United States today and Russia in the late nineteenth century must of course be made with a maximum of caution, yet it is hard to avoid the impression that the desperado-totalitarian Left comes to us as a re-enactment of the politics of the fanatical Russian terrorist Serge Nechayev. The Weathermen, having given up hope for the proletariat, now see the main revolutionary force in our society as the high school students; their experience may yet lead them to the kindergartens.

How far some elements—not, it should be said in fairness, the majority—of the New Left have sunk into the pathology of violence can be seen from the following report about a recent Weathermen gathering that appeared in the January 10, 1970, issue of *The Guardian*, a New Left weekly. The report summarizes the keynote speech of Bernardine Dohrn, former inter-organization secretary of SDS:

> Dohrn characterized violent, militant response in the streets as "armed struggle" against imperialism. . . . "We're about being a fighting force alongside the blacks, but a lot of us are still honkies, and we're still scared of fighting. We have to get into armed struggle."
>
> Part of armed struggle, as Dohrn and others laid it down, is terrorism. Political assassination—openly joked about by some Weathermen—and literally any kind of violence that is considered anti-social were put forward as legitimate forms of armed struggle. . . .
>
> A twenty-foot-long poster adorned a wall of the ballroom. It was covered with drawings of bullets, each with a name. Along with the understandable targets like Chicago's Mayor Daley, the Weathermen deemed as legitimate enemies to be offed, among others, *The Guardian* (which has criticized Weathermen) and Sharon Tate, one of several victims in the recent mass murder in California. She was eight months pregnant.
>
> "Honkies are going to be afraid of us," Dohrn insisted. She went on to tell the war council about Charlie Manson, accused leader of the gang which allegedly murdered the movie star and several others on their Beverly Hills estate. Manson has been portrayed in the media as a Satanic, magnetic personality who held near-hypnotic sway over several women whom he lent out to friends as favors and brought along for the murder scene. The press also mentioned Manson's supposed fear of blacks—he reportedly moved into rural California to escape the violence of a race war.
>
> Weatherman, the "Bureau" says, digs Manson. . . .
>
> "Dig it, first they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!" said Bernardine Dohrn.

"I warned you they really don't like being dragged and conked on the head."

It will be said that these sentiments are in no way characteristic of the thousands of young people who have been protesting against the Vietnam War. I entirely agree. It will be said that the Weatherman group isn't representative of the New Left. In one sense, that also is true. No other New Left tendency has abandoned itself so completely to corrupting fantasies of blood. But it needs to be said that Miss Dohrn's ravings have a connection—distorted, extreme, yet with the representativeness of caricature—to things one can hear these days among some portions of the New Left. The cult of violence, the identification of a tiny group of affluent youth with the "destiny of the revolution," the adulation of charismatic authoritarian leaders, the crude hatred for liberal values—all these can be found in various New Left tendencies, even if without the vivid pathology of the Weathermen.

The most interesting theoretical question concerning the rapid changes within the New Left has to do with the relation between its earlier and later phases. Those of us who write for such journals as *Dissent*, whatever our shortcomings, can at least claim some credit for having foreseen the possibility that a politics of populist vagueness would lead to a politics of authoritarian rigidity. For this decline I would suggest two causes:

1) *The crisis and virtual collapse of U.S. liberalism.* During the 1960s, with the possible exception of John F. Kennedy's brief tenure as President and Eugene McCarthy's effort to win the Democratic nomination, American liberalism was in a bad way. Without pretending to a full explanation, let me at least indicate a few summary reasons for this decline: The exhaustion of traditional New Deal politics, alliances, and outlooks; the appearance of moral-political issues that bread-and-butter liberalism was not equipped to deal with; the involvement of certain liberal leaders (e.g., Humphrey) in a war that large numbers of young people rightly saw as indefensible.

A rough but useful axiom can be suggested about recent American politics: The New Left has flourished as a result of, or in direct proportion to, the failures and failings of liberalism. When the candidacies of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy seemed to offer a significant alternative, a way of realizing the hopes of the idealistic young through electoral politics, thousands of young radicals and liberals flocked to their campaigns. Both on and off the campus, the New Left then began to wither into a marginal group, limited for the time to nasty and impotent sniping. But when there seemed no

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viable alternative, and both candidates in the 1968 Presidential election spoke as supporters of the Vietnam War, moods of despair swept across the campus, and the New Left could transform these moods into a disillusionment with liberal politics in particular and the idea of liberalism in general.

2) *An internal connection between the thought of the early New Left and the thought of the later New Left.* What both shared was an impatience, sometimes a distrust, and more recently a downright contempt for the methods and norms of democracy—the "cumbersomeness" or "sham" of representative elections, the "irrelevance" of undemonstrative majorities, the "manipulation" of the masses by politicians and the media, the "dullness" of ordinary middle-class people, etc. Under the guidance of such authoritarian thinkers as Marcuse, the New Left in both its phases, although more so in the later one, revealed a profoundly elitist bias. It might speak about "the people," and sometimes even "the workers," but it found its base of support mainly among the alienated middle-class young.

When the phrase "participatory democracy" first began to be heard, it gained its impact as a response to a genuine problem that had been troubling both socialist and nonsocialist thinkers for some time: What could be done to stop the gradual erosion of democratic institutions, in which the formal appearance of participation by the people continued but the real substance declined?

At first, the New Left's emphasis on participatory democracy signified mainly a desire to reinvigorate democracy, to give it greater meaning and immediacy—although the New Left rarely had any concrete proposals for achieving this end. Too often participatory democracy meant in practice a blithe dismissal of parliamentary rules in the discussions of the New Left groups, a practice that may have encouraged collective expressiveness (and interminable meetings) but also proved to be peculiarly open to manipulation by tight little factions and charismatic figures emphasizing their own modesty. At best, such procedures helped enliven—were relevant to—the politics of small groups; but they could contribute almost nothing to solving the problem of democratic politics in large societies, where the sheer number of citizens and the complexity of competing interests require a system of representative institutions.

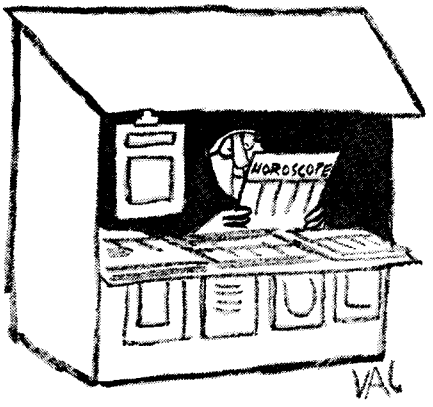
The stress on participatory democracy proved to be especially damaging in the curious way it prepared the ground for authoritarian politics. There was not too great a distance between the distrust shown for the limitations of representative institutions by the early New Left and the contempt shown for the very idea of representative institutions by the later New Left. To dismiss "formal democracy" in behalf of participatory democracy was in effect to jettison the values of both—as if, in reality, democratic rights didn't always require a commitment to "forms," that is, rules both fixed and open to change through agreed-upon procedures. By the late Sixties, one rarely heard much about participatory democracy from the New Left. Now the fashionable phrase was "revolution," unspecified as to social character, political possibility, or ultimate goal, and too often reduced to a ritual of expressiveness that required neither thought nor moral justification.

Those of us who want to preserve and extend democracy, while simultaneously working toward fundamental social change, must acknowledge that the coming decade is likely to be a time of trouble, even peril. There are linked dangers from the irrationalities and violence of both polar extremes, which together could destroy our hopes for an American movement at once democratic, militant, and radical. The New Left plays a double role here. It contributes valuable energy to the needed task of protest and insurgency, but it also contributes a political-moral confusion, sometimes verging on nihilism, which threatens liberal values and helps provoke a popular backlash.

Nor are our objections merely tactical. The kind of "revolution" envisaged by all the SDS factions has nothing to do with the large-scale social transformation this country needs. Who with a reasonable impulse to self-preservation and democratic survival would care to test out the dispensation of a Tom Hayden or a Mark Rudd? Worthy fellows, perhaps, but better powerless.

The perspective I would advance for the immediate future combines a broad coalition of popular forces to work for immediate social improvements along a liberal course, and a regathering of those people, now a tiny minority in this country, who believe in the values of democratic socialism. This signifies:

- the premise that we are not and will not soon be in a "revolutionary situation";
- the subpremise that, if "revolutionary activity" in the next few years comes to more than loud talk, it will have an elitist, desperado, and adventurist character;
- the belief that it is in our interest to preserve and improve the present agencies of democratic politics, marred as they may be, requiring changes as they do, and even liable to sudden collapse as they are.



I think that the more sensitive and undogmatic elements in and near the New Left will soon have to face the futility of trying to "go it alone." Their movement has grown and probably will continue to grow; yet, barring some major self-transformation, it will also continue to have the character of a sect isolated in fundamental outlook, language, and psychology from the American people. Nevertheless, it contains precious resources of energy and idealism, and this energy and idealism ought to be thrust into the mainstream of American politics.

One can only hope for a slow regathering of forces among the liberal-labor-Left in the United States. A movement that fails to understand the needs and aspirations of the American workers and their unions, or that dismisses them contemptuously in the name of some abstract revolutionary purity is doomed to failure. A movement that fails to understand the urgency of moral protest animating the young and that stays rigidly within the limits of traditional New Deal and post-New Deal liberalism is also doomed to failure.

Can we then bring together the strategy of coalition with the passions of insurgency? Can we recognize that in the American system wide and loose electoral blocs are essential, even if inherently unsatisfactory to ideological purists, while at the same time the idea of stirring the bottom layers of society to speak out for themselves is also urgent? Such a view is inherently complex, and this is a moment when many people are seized by a mania for simplicity; but I think it is a political perspective that, no matter how difficult to realize, is required by the present state of things. Oddly enough, if you were to go back to the founding document of SDS, the now-famous Port Huron statement, you would find a view of politics fairly close to what has been said here. One can only hope that many young people will yet return to it.

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Touch Me, Feel Me, Grunt, Growl, Purr

by LEO ROSTEN

I have this caustic friend, Rodney, who has this sentimental cousin, Elmer, and they disagree over just about everything. The disagreements are, I should tell you, extremely friendly. That is because each man is mature, intelligent, and thinks the other an idiot.

Rodney once told me that ever since Elmer fell out of his high chair he had suffered from a lopsided cerebellum; and Elmer once confided that Rodney had contracted a virulent variety of mumps at fourteen, which left him parched in the medulla oblongata. "It's pretty tough to go through life with a parched medulla oblongata," said Elmer.

This might have made a deeper impression on me had not Rodney remarked, the preceding night, "Elmer is such a sweet fellow. Sensitive. Idealistic. Heart of gold. Wouldn't hurt a fly—only people, whom Elmer gives the most mush-headed advice since doctors advised patients with worms to rub aloe and honey into their navels."

Politically, the cousins are as far apart as Poles. Elmer thinks Rodney is a reactionary, and Rodney calls Elmer the kind of ninny described by H. L. Mencken as a man who, upon discovering that a rose smells better than a cabbage, concludes it will also make better soup.

I was lunching with Elmer and Rodney at the latter's favorite restaurant, the Ptomaine, when a long-overdue confrontation erupted. It began when Elmer announced that he had changed his entire life and Weltanschauung with an astonishing, uplifting, even revolutionary experience: a group "Liberating Weekend," in the Catskills, at Swami Ishmar Yonklowitz's "Nirvana Sensory-Expansion Sanctuary." Elmer's eyes moistened as he pronounced the name.

"Is that the sort of retreat I saw in the movie *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*?" asked Rodney.

"Y-yes," said Elmer, "although our guru stresses empathy more than punching pillows."

"It was a marvelous film," grinned Rodney. "So perceptive. All those hung-up kooks, chasing adolescent phantoms—"

"Kooks? Phantoms?" echoed Elmer in dismay. "No, no, you got it all *wrong*, Rod. The movie gives an honest insight into four emotionally crippled people, typical of our alienated generation, brainwashed by the false values of our materialistic society. The film shows how such people, lonely and isolated, can break through their inhibitions to free their deepest emotions and widen their sensual potentialities beyond anything they'd ever dreamed possible—through honest, frank self-exposure in discussions, no matter how intimate, telling bedrock truths—"

"You think people should go around telling each other the *truth*?" asked Rodney in horror.

"Absolutely," said Elmer.

"You have bad breath," said Rodney.

I dropped my fork.

"Oh," stammered Elmer, turning vermilion. "I didn't know. Thank you for telling me. I-I'll change to a stronger mouthwash!"

"Don't," said Rodney. "I was just testing your principles."

"That is a lousy trick!" cried Elmer. "Don't *you* believe in people telling each other the truth?"

"Good God, no," said Rodney. "It's too cruel, and it solves nothing. Why, if people went around telling each other the truth all the time, we'd have fisticuffs, bloodletting, homicides, divorces, ax murders—"

"I, for one, have decided to defy social hypocrisy by being truthful at all times!" declared Elmer.

"Okay," sighed Rodney. "What do you like best in bed?"

Elmer flushed. "This is not the right atmosphere for a question like that!"

"Here's one that is: What do you really think of Leo?"

Elmer hesitated. "Pass the ketchup."

"Good lad," said Rodney. "Leo always passes people ketchup."

I passed the ketchup.

"You're confusing the issues, using debaters' tricks," complained Elmer. "The Nirvana Sensory-Expansion Sanctuary teaches us not to be ashamed of our natural emotions—"

"You think that's *good*?" asked Rodney, agape.

"Certainly!"

"But our natural emotions have to be shamed, chained, threatened, and restrained," said Rodney, "or this horrid enough world would become one big abattoir, rapery, and torture chamber."

"I meant man's good, noble feelings!" exclaimed Elmer. "You see how you twist my meaning? I meant feelings that hurt no one else! Touching, holding, embracing each other—those things are *beautiful*, not to feel guilty about."

"I don't feel guilty about embracing my wife, child, or secretary," said Rodney.

"Then why can't you show the same warmth to a stranger?"

"Male or female?" leered Rodney.

"Either!" said Elmer severely. "That's the point. A truly liberated person feels no guilt about showing physical affection to another human being, even one of the same sex. That other person is a human being, just like yourself."

"Like hell he is," said Rodney. "I am unique. So are you. So is the waiter. Besides, *I* don't feel lonely or alienated."

"Then why do you balk at publicly sharing love?" asked Elmer.

"Because I see no need to go around proving my virtue," said Rodney, "or getting kinky sex-kicks, or gratifying voyeurs, or letting any freak intrude on my privacy—or moon over my privates."

"You have been crippled by this decadent society," mourned Elmer.

"Do you go to church?" asked Rodney.

"No," said Elmer stoutly. "I am a freethinker."

"Well, you're free to think about anything you want in church—"

"But it is an outmoded *institution*," blurted Elmer. "Man can worship God or Nature anywhere—in the hills, crossing a meadow, on a stretch of beach. We do not need the stultifying hokum of priests, ritual, prayers *en masse*—"

"Then why go in for mass snuggling, moaning, and weeping?" asked Rodney. "Pass the sugar."

"Again you distort my meaning," complained Elmer. "Real or synthetic?"

"Either. The reason I suggest you go to church," said Rodney, "is that you should address your complaints about this undeniably baffling and iniquitous world to the responsible cause thereof: the Lord. He, after all, made two sexes, potent gonads, and arranged for babies to be very small, utterly helpless, and totally dependent. This cozied mankind into the family, and a social system, in both of which our 'noble, natural' feelings—incest, patricide,

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This article is part of a chapter from Leo Rosten's new book *People I Have Loved, Known, or Admired*, to be published in September by McGraw-Hill.

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matricide, the Cain-and-Abel bit—must be harnessed—"

Elmer was sputtering objections all over his meatballs. "That's the Freudian fallacy! And we can overcome it! The time has come to stop our self-deception, end all our lying—"

"Suppose you have cancer," said Rodney. "Terminal. Do you want your doctor to con you with cheer or tell you the truth?"

"The truth!" said Elmer.

"You are a brave, fearless, admirable man," said Rodney, but not in a brave, fearless, admiring tone. "Now, suppose your child has leukemia. Would you—"

"Of course not!" retorted Elmer. "She's too young to be asked to cope with such hopeless tragedy."

"Right. And so am I."

"That's an extreme example," sputtered Elmer.

"Then let's take an unextreme one. You're going out to dinner. Your wife comes in, all dolled up, wearing a new low-cut gown and a hairdo she spent four hours and twenty bucks on. 'How do I look, dear?' she asks. What do you answer?"

"It—depends on how she looks!" said Elmer.

"You cad," said Rodney. "You heartless fiend. Can you really say, 'Sweetie, you look like an aging Algerian houri who has seen better days, not to say nights. Your Pucci dress looks like a pooch walked across it with his paws dipped in bubble gum. Your hair reminds me of nine snakes wrestling in aspic. And as for your décolletage, Pussycat, let's face it: You're fifteen pounds overweight, in the bosom of the family, which is also where you're fifteen pounds overweight.' "

Elmer drew himself up into the huff that is known among the righteous as Elmer's Huff. "You mock my meaning! You caricature my ideas! You distort my reasoning—"

"Do I?" Rodney scratched his chin. "Didn't you tell your neighbors in Nutley, New Jersey, that Timothy Leary says LSD makes it possible to have a hundred orgasms a day?"

"Timothy was only giving that as a possibility—"

"Suppose you start having only ninety orgasms a day all over Nutley? Who will have enough strength left to bring in the milk, put on Junior's snowsuit, or turn on the six o'clock news?"

Elmer wiped his palms. "You are very hostile! You're just not on my wave length."

"Don't I turn you on?" asked Rodney.

"Certainly not!"

"I'm glad," said Rodney, "because 'wave length' and 'turning on' refer to machines. It offends me when such barbarisms are used about people. After all, the basic difference between men and machines is that men have emotions. Machines don't. For dessert, will you have ice cream, cake, or tapioca?"

"Tapioca," said Elmer. "Or will you interpret that as a symbol of my soul?"

"Not your soul. Your ideas."

"Semantics! That's your undoing!" exclaimed Elmer. "Words! They distort ideas—"

Rodney said, "I always thought words are tools. Used with precision, they're irreplaceable. Used by the zonked, they're gibberish."

"No, no, no," protested Elmer. "Take the poets, the mystics, the new generation of singers. Listen to them! Just *listen* to their basic, preverbal truths. They teach us to express ourselves by smashing old forms—to forget and transcend words, to release our gut emotions—to grunt, growl, purr, snarl."

"Then why don't we get down on all fours?" asked Rodney, unkindly. "We could cancel out a hundred thousand years of civilization—imperfect though it be, violent and vicious and disgraceful though the human race often is. Will grunting, growling, purring, and snarling *really* redeem us? Cousin, honest to God, don't you think that instead of going to Swami Yonklowitz you might try an old-fashioned shrink?"

"You are a pawn of the Establishment!" cried Elmer. "You are a goddamn cynic! You throw cold water on every new, liberating idea!"

"First," sighed Rodney, "what you call new was old in Babylon—with unappetizing results. Second, what you call liberating, I think schizophrenic. Third, I prefer reason to daydreams, and experience to pipe dreams, as tests of truth or validity."

The atmosphere was growing so charged I knew there would be no quick reaching for credit cards; so I hastily said, "Elmer, is it true that your swami says that, if everyone got a massage every day, there would be no war?"

"An interesting and original idea!" said Elmer.

"Oh, God!" groaned Rodney. "Nero and Caligula went right from their masseurs to butcher Christians. In fact, the massages so relaxed their senses they needed *more* Christians than if they hadn't—"

"You son of a bitch!" shouted Elmer.

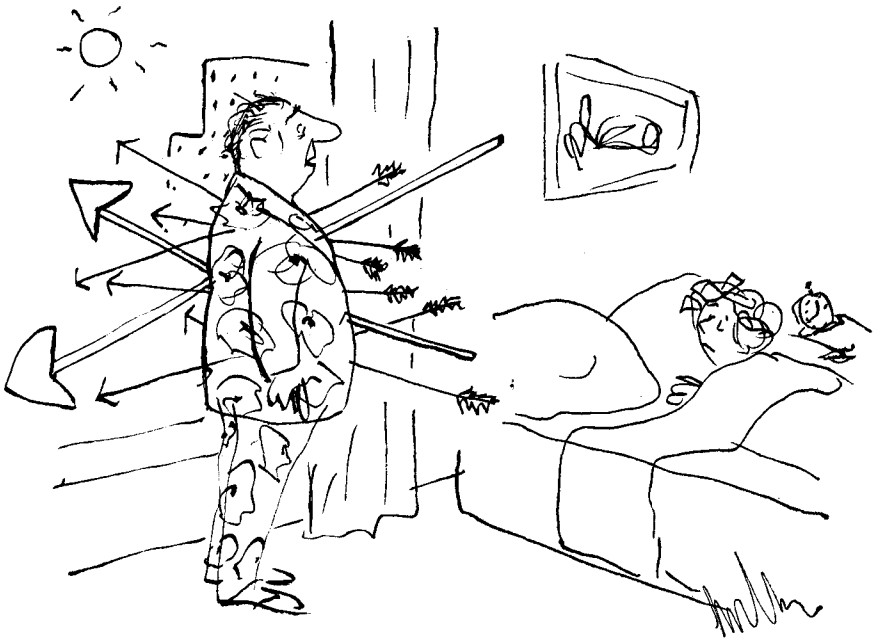
"Elmer!" I protested. "Rod! You're both too intense—"

But I never finished my felicities. Elmer had popped two pills in his mouth. He was ashen, his lips parted, his forehead glistening. He was staring into space.

Rodney snapped his fingers. He did not seem at all worried, as I certainly was. "Elmer. . . . Stop that. . . . *El*mer!"

Elmer made no answer. He was not dead, because he was sitting upright, not leaning right or left, and I could hear his breathing, which was exceptionally rhythmic. Elmer had gone into a trance.

I hear that Swami Yonklowitz is now teaching his acolytes how to spread the faith without swallowing any pills at all.



"All I did was throw open the window and say, 'Good morning, world.' "

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The Manhood Game

"It is not our power but our will and character that are being tested," President Nixon declared in explaining his decision to commit American fighting forces to Cambodia.

A White House aide, talking to a reporter, underlined this thesis when he said that the President had to show the world that "America hasn't lost its manhood."

What, then, is manhood?

Whatever manhood is, there are some things manhood certainly is not.

Manhood is not armed soldiers firing into a crowd of students, whatever the provocation.

Manhood is not a powerful nation raining bombs down on the villagers of a small nation, without any risk of counterattack or retaliation.

Manhood is not ordering soldiers to use flame-throwers in tunnels, often incinerating noncombatant civilians who are too terrified to heed the order to come out.

Manhood is not the manufacture and stockpiling of weapons beyond any reasonable definition of national defense —weapons that already far exceed any possible requirement for the use of destructive force.

Manhood is not dealing with error by concealing it or compounding it, or by making false pride more important than intelligence and compassion in America's relationship with the rest of the world.

One curious feature of the manhood game as played by large nations is that it is filled with deadly contradictions. The same nation that feels it can make an impression on others only by the show of force is curiously unimpressed by the same strategy when it is employed by others. This is true not just of U.S.-Soviet relations, but also of the increasingly ominous Israeli-Arab confrontation. Retaliation, not reconciliation, is the first impulse. A nation that believes others understand only the language of force has difficulty itself in speaking the language of peace.

The underlying theory of the manhood game is that a nation demonstrates its will and character in direct ratio to its readiness to use force in what it conceives to be its national interest. Thus, the Soviet Union finds it necessary at this time to carry out massive naval maneuvers in the Atlantic Ocean. Submarines, anti-submarine vessels, and auxiliary ships are involved in the exercises. They have been docking in Cuba to refuel and resupply. The obvious aim is to serve notice on Washington that Moscow does not lack the will and character to extend its overseas military commitments.

International observers, assessing the reasons for the Soviet military presence so close to U.S. shores, contend it is a reaction to President Nixon's decision to move into Cambodia. The Cambodian decision, however, has been described by some U.S. officials as a reaction to the increasing military commitment of the Soviet Union in the Middle East. It is obvious that each side is convinced its will and character are being tested by the other, and that the only way to pass the test is to display a readiness to use force in ever larger amounts and in increasingly risky situations.

The trouble with the manhood game is that it is played at the expense of man. The inevitable result of a competitive display of national manhood is to create the stage and the occasion for an ultimate assault on human life.

There is a wider, positive definition of manhood that takes in more than just raw force and the will to use it. Manhood has something to do with maturity, the comprehension born of experience, and the capacity for making moral judgments.

It may be said that this kind of national maturity is not possible in a world that lacks the specific institution and the machinery to render force unnecessary. The answer to this objection is that a nation such as the United States has the obligation to press forward with ideas for developing alternatives to force, brutality, and ill-temper. Nothing would be more dramatic and hopeful than for the United States to declare to the world that the central and overriding purpose of its foreign policy is to enable the United Nations to put the human interest above the national interest. —N.C.

Hippo

by Harold Witt

Wiggling small ears, with
bubbling holes
in what's too much to call a nose,
here comes the hippopotamus
submerged but looking out at us.
He slips along upon his lip,
and hoping peanuts, opens up
a wrinkled cavern, pink, with teeth,
hinting more and more beneath.

His humped eyes blink, his chins arise
and as he climbs, surprised by size
we watch a world of otherwise,
a hipless blimp on stumps with toes—
stepping out—the wonder is
why nature made such tons of him;
clumping off, eliminates—
his mossy sideways tail shakes—

then glumly finished, goes back in,
troubling the water once again,
and since we've seen all sides of him
the weighty question starts to thin—
what came up is underneath
widening ripples, and at least
seems less monstrous, now we know
how much hippo swims below.

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Letters to the Editor

Displaced Persons (?)

PETER SCHRAG'S article "Out of Place in America" [*SR*, May 9] recalled that prophetic poem by W. B. Yeats, "The Second Coming." He, too, warned that the "center cannot hold." Perhaps someday our writers' advice will be taken by our statesmen for the timely warnings they are. Yeats's "rough beast" in the persona of perpetual war seems to be our new messiah.

G. JAFFE,
Winter Park, Fla.

PETER SCHRAG'S article is the ultimate in dogmatic statements. It compares favorably with that of the totalitarian he seems to denounce. Throughout the article, he says "we" believe this or that; or "we" do not risk hope, but "we" are being repressed, or "we" are repressing; "we" do not eliminate poverty, but disregard it.

Such absolutes are worthy of George Wallace or Hitler. These totalitarians are all cut out of the same cloth as far as I am concerned. His "we" does not include me.

In my work, I see as much of the evil as most people, but I see many people of good will and good works. I hope our "intellectuals," the elite and favored of our generation, do not exercise their vast powers to destroy us all.

L. O. TODD,
Superintendent,
Meridian Public Schools,
Meridian, Miss.

POOR Peter Schrag: "a member of a generation whose passion for loyalties was to be in constant tension with the world's inability to accept them. The things to which we attached ourselves had the fatal habit of crumbling in our clutches." Now that he is disaffected unto inconsolable helplessness, I hope he will be a lesson in the impotence of that self-dramatizing idealism that he and his (including so many *SR* writers) have mistaken for constructive application of themselves to America's very real problems. Poor Peter Schrag—trapped between his idealism about older ideas and the realization that something is wrong, he says. Poor Peter Schrag—displaced in an imperfect world. For all the insight of an essay that I, as a graduate student, am glad he wrote, there is one person he doesn't hold responsible for those problems, for living with those problems, or for the solving of those specific problems—only one person it never occurs to him to question: Poor Peter Schrag.

GARY JAY WILLIAMS,
Yale University,
New Haven, Conn.

LIKE Peter Schrag, I, too, feel out of place in America. Unlike him, I am a fourth-generation, white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, Republican, Appalachian American who voted for Nixon (against Kennedy).

A mother of five children, forty years of age, a former schoolteacher, at present a social worker, Phi Beta Kappa, and generally representative of the once stable American mainstream, I am shocked, sickened, and even revolted by the Nixon-Agnew policy of repression.

My hope that Hitler's Germany will not happen in America is fading fast. Dead Kent students, dead Vietnam casualties, dead Cambodian casualties, and dead Black Panthers gather in my graveyard of despair, along with my dying conviction that America would remain strong because its government allowed dissent and because it cared for the poor, the restless, the downtrodden.

I can no longer stay out of the arena of protest by saying that I must look after my children. I can only look after my children by exercising protest. Better to die with conviction than with despair. Right on!

BETTY H. ROBERTS,
Morgantown, W.Va.

Ebleco por Globa Lingvo

I WAS greatly pleased to read Mario Pei's "Prospects for a Global Language" [*SR*, May 2]. Actually, I am optimistic. Who would have thought even five years ago that population control and ecology would actually be the subject of popular interest today? The same thing can happen to the international language problem whenever conditions bring about a focusing of public attention on the matter.

SR readers might be interested in knowing what the present situation in the United States is in regard to Esperanto. Nobody can make a living using Esperanto, but, as a hobby, it is possibly the world's greatest. No matter what your interest, from bee culture to ballroom dancing, you are sure to find pen pals in every country who want to exchange ideas and experiences with you. Of the several thousand American Esperantists, many belong to the Universal Esperanto Association, an international organization. When they go abroad, they are sure to take with them the UEA yearbook, which tells them how to get in touch with local Esperantists wherever they go. Usually they are received, not as "Yankee imperialists," but as fellow human beings who happen to live in America.

Highlight of the Esperanto year is the week-long international congress. This year it is in Vienna; next year in London; and in 1972, it will be held here in Portland. On my way to Vienna this July, I plan to stop off in Warsaw (Esperanto was born in Poland), and in Moscow, where the language is slowly coming to life again, after being entirely suppressed during the Stalin regime.

JIM DEER,
Portland, Ore.

Erratum

N. C.'s editorial "Cambodia" [*SR*, May 16] refers to the elections in Vietnam "scheduled for 1962" and to President Eisenhower's later statement that the reason the elections were called off was that it was clear the people would have voted against the existing government of South Vietnam. Surely what must have been meant were the elections in Vietnam that were supposed to be held between 1954 and 1956, as called for in the Geneva Agreements.

CHARLES DUNCAN,
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Duncan is correct. We regret the error.*

"Don't pretend you're asleep."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Capital Risks

WASHINGTON, D.C.

LAST MAY those of us who were fortunate enough to attend a portion of the first American College Theatre Festival were generally impressed with the quality of what had been selected as the best work of 176 competing college drama departments. However, there was a certain lack of adventurousness in the ten plays chosen, with only one new work, and that, José Triana's *The Criminals*, merely the first American presentation of a play already seen abroad.

Now in its second year, the American College Theatre Festival has more uninhibitedly chosen to present a schedule divided between proven and unproven works. The safest choices were perhaps Hanover College's *Peer Gynt*, Georgetown University's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, and Grambling College's *A Raisin in the Sun*. The latter featured an amazingly effective performance by twenty-year-old Hattie Wayne as the play's aged mother.

There were also revivals of two plays that had not enjoyed success in recent Broadway outings, *The Birthday Party* presented by Ohio University, and *Celebration* performed by Los Angeles Harbor College. And a Swedish classic that had never been offered on Broadway, Strindberg's *The Ghost Sonata*, was given such a beautiful production by Dartmouth College director Rod Alexander that it is being taped for educational television.

However, most heartening of all was the choice of four brand new works. Although Kenneth Regenbaum's *The Sound of Bread Breaking* attempted by Lea College on Lake Chapeau failed to impress Washington theatergoers as much as it did the Minnesota regional judges, the other three demonstrated the excitement of collaboratively created new theater.

From Los Angeles City College came *A Gap in Generations*, an improvised commedia dell' arte scenario by the Affamati Company (The Hungry Ones). Although there is somewhat too much introductory exposition, the show becomes most entertaining once the slapstick begins. The scenario is of course ridiculous, with aged fathers chasing young girls who eventually marry the young men they desire. But the story is given a contemporary switch when at the end it is suggested that the old give the running of the world over to the young, and thus free themselves to enjoy the uninhibited pleasures that are now the younger generation's territory.

Some of the dialogue is pure burlesque. "Desire is all in your head," an old man is told. "Well," he replies, "I'd like to have it lowered a little." There is also some spoofing of youth's pretentiousness, when a sixteenth-century hippie scornfully castigates those who are outside his circle of rebellious students. "Mankind?" he asks. *"Those* people?" But most impressive of all are the disciplined performances director Jerry Blunt has elicited from the actors. A particularly effective piece of business is accomplished when an old merchant of Bologna raises his cane to strike a young man, and does it with such exaggerated fury that he finds himself stuck in a back bend. It was for this portrayal that twenty-two-year-old Steven Pringle received the $500 Players' Club scholarship award for the festival's best performance.

From D.C.'s own Howard University came a poetic statement of black history called *The Unfinished Song: Reflections in Black Voices*, and put together by director Glenda Dickerson from black African and American poetry. The first half of the piece shows us —in choreographed recital and song— the promise African life once had for blacks, and indicates the tragedy of European colonization and the beginnings of the slave trade. The second act shifts to modern America, and, although there is one stark instance of tarring and feathering exquisitely reenacted by Edward Fleming, the mood remains predominantly joyous and ends with a suggestion that the blacks' shared troubles have somehow served to unite them and that their song is on its way to being fruitfully completed.

Finally, from Boston University the ACTF brought *Rites II*, a group effort conceived and directed by Joseph Gifford. Its aim was merely to let the young BU actors express with their bodies and imaginations a number of the absurd, tragic, and warmly human aspects of living. It is funny, sad, real, and honest, like children playing house, and yet doing it with an intensity and discipline that make the whole process dynamic. Although *Rites II* lacks the story or focus (there is very little dialogue) that might have made it more dramatic, it nevertheless is stunning proof that some of our colleges are training talent for the kind of performing we are seeing increasingly at places like La Mama and the Open Theatre.

Credit for this festival, the second year of which is certainly livelier than was the first, must be allotted to a long list of workers led by executive producer Frank Cassidy and Central Committee chairman C. Robert Kase. Also a great deal is owed to its sponsor, American Airlines, and to its controlling organizations, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, the Smithsonian Institution, the American Educational Theatre Association, and the American National Theatre and Academy. Hopefully, the broad spectrum formula with its encouragement of theatrical adventurousness will be continued in what is now firmly established as an annual event.

Devotion to theatrical adventurousness in Washington is not unusual. For several years now the Washington Theater Club has been risking the production of new unperfected scripts at a 145-seat playhouse where it found audiences delighted to share the risk, and operated at a small annual deficit that its board of directors gladly made up.

This year the WTC has acquired a second theater with 388 seats, and by hard work has more than tripled its season subscription so that it could expand its new play policy. The two most recent—under the dedicated direction of Davey Marlin-Jones—are splendid examples of the kind of thing WTC is ideally equipped to do. The first, Lanford Wilson's *Serenading Louie*, is a portrait of two couples in their thirties, and contains some marvelously sarcastic diatribes against the American way of life. Both men are ex-Whiffenpoofs from Yale, and they progress to marriages that fall short of anticipated fulfillment and to lives in which they look down the block and all they see is guys out burning leaves. The play needs drastic restructuring, but even as it stands it is a challenging and very contemporary work.

The latest WTC production is Oliver Hailey's *Continental Divide*, a quite funny comedy about a hillbilly couple who go to New York City to visit the affluent parents of their new daughter-in-law. Under the fun, Hailey is also trying to say something about the inevitably separate attitudes of rich and poor; he is less successful at that than he is at creating the confrontations between the two couples that are frequently uproarious.

It would be nice to say that WTC's brave new second theater is flourishing, but at the moment it is desperately in need of funds to pay for an air-conditioning unit and to support its $30,000 deficit, which is small compared to that of most resident theaters.

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The Passion of Dietrich Bonhoeffer

by DANIEL BERRIGAN

DIETRICH BONHOEFFER: Man of Vision, Man of Courage, by Eberhard Bethge, translated from the German by Eric Mosbacher, Peter and Betty Ross, Frank Clarke, William Glen-Doepel; edited by Edwin Robertson (Harper & Row, 867 pp., $17.95)

I begin these notes on 9 April 1970. Two hours ago, at 8:30 A.M.,
I became a fugitive from injustice, having disobeyed
a federal court order to begin
a three-year sentence for destruction of draft files two years ago.
It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Dietrich Bonhoeffer
in Flossenbürg prison, for resistance to Hitler.
The temperature outside is 64. It is a foggy, wind-driven day
well tempered to my mood
But let me begin at the beginning.
My theme, as Bonhoeffer would put it, is faith and obedience.
He said: *Invisibility breaks us to pieces.* Again:
Simply suffering; that is what will be needed—not parries or blows
or thrusts. The real struggle which perhaps lies ahead
must consist only in suffering belief.
And again: *The task is not only to bind up the victims beneath*
the wheel, but also to put a spoke in that wheel.

I came to this place thirty-six hours ago, a decision of a few friends and
myself. My family being powerless in this instance
to help, the Jesuits unwilling.
Came to this house, receiving from the first moment such welcome
as all outdoors presaged: the streams running free
the hill shedding like behemoth its polar coat.
A man, a woman, a child; forsythia at the kitchen table
the old house anchored 100 years to its hillside;
a tree older than the house, big as a household god (fifty years ago
a former slave climbed the hill every year, they say, to measure it).

Bonhoeffer! The book by his friend Eberhard Bethge
required five translators from the German; no less. An elephantine
delivery, slow in the issue, portentous in the outcome.
A German processional elephant; Bonhoeffer riding, not gracefully
but, one judges, quizzically, accepting
(he was a miracle of acceptance) this palanquin-like passage;
hundreds of footnotes; the endless conferences, mission tours,
youth clubs, gatherings. Churchy stuff! He saw only gradually;
such a game, for bad times, could only be preliminary. One tried
"corporate decisions," one waited
on the awakening of others. But not, God help us, forever!

The iguana was abroad in the night; it was impossible to compose
in advance, scenarios for containing or snaring him.
One day Bonhoeffer realized this.
From that hour he was a dead man—in church and state.
Hitler; clever as only a madman, aided

DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J., wrote the above prose-poem while a fugitive from imprisonment for his actions in protesting the war in Vietnam.

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by the contrary madness of his adversary, and the tacky wind
of chance and mischance, can be. Thus: Churchill's
smoldering fury (smoldering Dresden), the "no surrender,
no quarter given" Allied policy, the old bankrupt tactic of
Versailles, trotted out once more.
For Germans, the issue (dissembled, concealed, misconstrued
with utmost cunning by Hitler): was it possible for the church
to witness its faith, and in consequence, defend
the victims (Jews) even to the point of bringing a like storm upon
Christians also? Was there indeed, such being the times,
an adversary, any other conceivable way of witnessing?
Or was the church
no more than a state function (a White House Sunday morning)?
The state flag its emblem also, the cross bent at its four
extremities, a swastika the murderous sprocket
of Caesar's wheel?
Bonhoeffer was to learn; the theologian must yet
become a Christian, and after that a contemporary. The process
would turn the seams of his mind inside out would draw him very far
(far as prison and death) from conventicles, honors,
a good name in his community, the hope (often a diseased delaying
tactic) for gradualism, for church or state reform.
Obscurely, he saw the issue from the start; and began to pay, from the
start:

"I am working with all my might for church resistance.
But it is perfectly clear to me that this resistance is only
a temporary and transitional phase that will lead on to
opposition of a quite different kind; and that only very
few of the men in this preliminary skirmish will commit
themselves in the next struggle. . . . The whole of Christendom
should pray with us that it will be a 'resistance unto death,'
and that people will be found to suffer it."

This likable learned bourgeois German! He was growing up, in the
saucy intemperate weather of the real world.
Theology
was no impediment, wonderfully. Learning was no deferment.
Research, writing, lectures, libraries; the baggage might break the
back of a man on march. What then?
Rid one's self. Strike free. Live
on the move. He was behaving
as though the storm of tomorrow, gathering, had
already struck. His prophetic bones!

In 1932, Hitler: *The National Socialist Party does not wish to save the fatherland without the cooperation of the forces of the church.*

Again, to church leaders: *. . . safeguarding our national heritage. Christianity, the unshakable foundation of our peoples' ethical and moral life.*

In February 1933: *We promise to take Christianity, the basis of our whole morality, under our firm protection.*

Bonhoeffer said publicly: *The image of the leader, should he allow himself to succumb to the wishes of those he leads, gradually becomes the image of the "misleader." This is a leader who makes an idol of himself and his office, and thus mocks God.*

Hitler, during the same years, was eroding personal and civil rights. In 1935 he struck most boldly. His "edict for the protection of the people and state" abolished virtually all rights conceded by the constitution, and thus made concentration camps possible. His "law to relieve the need of the people and the state" released him from any dependence on the constitution, should this prove embarrassing. The election of March of that year meant that the majority of the German people accepted, de facto, the end of freedom of the press, of right of public assembly; intervention of privacy in all communication; authorization of enter and search; confiscation and restriction of property.

But Hitler's appeal to the churches
must rank among the cleverest of his moves. By it he hoped
to play the mystagogue, dividing and bewildering the churches on the

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basis of loyalty to the state. And more important: to enlist the
churches in the mounting fury of his campaign against the Jews.
In this campaign even "non-Aryan" Christians
were not spared infamy. They were to have
"separate but equal" facilities.

A nightmare is its own legitimation. (So is slavery; so is war; so
is racism, etc., etc.) It is difficult to realize this, to
"imagine the real world." Men are enclosed in the
capsule of events and understanding. And events have a profound
and subtle way of exerting moral change: the pressure of wind on the
rhythms and stance of a tree, of water upon stone. Prior strength
is no guarantee against erosion, crumbling, death.
Thus, the "Jewish question" raised by Hitler is
to decent men no question at all. Yet because it was pushed hard and fast
it took on the sophistic and squalid legitimacy he sought.
What had been in normal times the edgy domain of cranks
suddenly became the hot potato of serious political and (even)
theological debate.
Should Jews be allowed to exist? (Should Blacks be allowed?)
Rubbishy times create a mountain of rubbishy questions.
It is the ecological image of Eliot's "distracted
from distraction by distraction. . . ."
In such times, key questions of decency, justice, peace,
the sharing of the world's goods,
are lost at the bottom of a cosmic dump.
A momentous effort of burning, sifting and removal, if ever
the questions of man are to be rescued from the wreckers!

Bonhoeffer burned, sifted, removed. The task of a good man in a bad time was to despise, to put to naught, the tactics of evil power.
He stepped time and again over the red herrings in his path
holding his nose against their stench. Thus,
To the question of whether the church should connive with the state in the suppression, deportation and murder of Jews, he proposed a concrete answer: the formation at Finkenwalde, in 1936, of a brotherhood of young seminarians, to engage in study, discipline and prayer, and (in the event, only known afterward) to prepare for resistance and death.

To the question of Aryan doctrines of blood purity, he proposed over several years the exploration of the Sermon on the Mount as a basis for "worldly Christianity"—*i.e.,* the morally visible and inevitably assailed life of man in a "boundary situation"—with regard both to the Caesarian church and the Caesarian state.

(Our judge let it be known recently
to the Catonsville felons:
once you have surrendered yourselves
and are safely under lock and key
I will call a hearing
and attend to arguments
relative to reduction of your sentences.
Now regarding the question of carrots
held on sticks in front of noses
I am not a passionate vegetarian.
It seems to me a question must be
organically in place
if it is to be a serious question.
The serious question for us
if we are to continue faithful
to the impulse that led us to Catonsville
is not the question of our own welfare
but the moral trajectory of our act—
that it fly undeflected, to the heart of the matter
which is
the infamy of the widening war
the grief torture dislocation death
rape murder terrorism
inflicted by our government
upon the innocent)
Bonhoeffer gathered strength; his stature grew

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stubborn with the stubbornness of water
that "lesser strength which explores
the edges and interstices of power"
and comes on a different way.
Political man is a synonym for believing man
(in the beginning he did not understand this).
Perhaps the matter should be put more simply:
political man is the natural term of man, his adulthood.
In such a formula, many men converge
(quite naturally without prior agreement
hearing in the air voices beckonings incarnations)
out of intolerable suffering brutalized lives
(themselves, their brethren)
upon one moment, one brotherhood
(one death? maybe
one prison? probably)

Toward the end, in the last five years of his life
all the carpetbagging fell behind;
he had raised no intellectual fiefdom
the symbols were all consumed assimilated
he was new bread and wine, reborn!
His reflection and writing and prayer ripened, the natural fruit
of that "life at the edge"—
He encouraged communities of resistance
He lived "in God and with God, as though God did not exist"
which is to say, as though God were indeed God
not score keeper, Band Aid, bonbon, celestial oracle,
Good Humor man.

I think I know the direction of Bonhoeffer's life—even from afar! Sitting on the floor of a bedroom in a country area, curtains drawn, totally dependent on the risk-taking of a few friends, reading and meditating, realizing in one's deepest being how few will understand, speaking the truth even when the ears of men seem turned to stone. I think I understand!

But there is more; and of it one cannot speak as yet, in our case. In Bonhoeffer's, the course is by now clear, and Bethge writes openly of it:

> Any responsible resistance under the conditions Hitler had brought about was bound, strictly speaking, to take the form of conspiracy. A spontaneous rising did not occur and could not be expected to occur; a spontaneous individual action might be brave, but it left out of account one's responsibility for the future; and there were scarcely the homogeneous lines of approach needed for a revolution that had the force to throw up a new form of social structure.

By imagining the future, Bonhoeffer helped create it. At Christmas 1942, he wrote:

> The ultimate question for a responsible man is not how he is to extricate himself heroically from the affair, but how the coming generation is to live. It is only from this question, with its responsibility toward history, that fruitful solutions can come, even if for the time being they are very humiliating.

He came to realize as every legitimate authority was stripped or corrupted
as neighboring countries were ravaged
as Jews disappeared like animals in night-set traps
someone had to take on the shady business!
"Render to Caesar . . ." "Be cunning as serpents . . ." The mind of Jesus had—how say it?—a worldly twist; the disciple was not to perish witlessly, without responsibility to others, to the movement.
In June of 1939, Bonhoeffer left Germany for the United States.
No sooner there, he was seized by the deepest anxieties,
could not settle into the work offered him. He must return.
A momentous, wholly correct choice, hindsight. Going
home meant simply: walking into the coils of the protective cobra.
And he was right; he belonged to the confessing church, to the Jews,
to the victims already in concentration camps, to the ghettoized

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and brutalized, to the few scattered c.o.'s.
He must continue to confront and unmask the lies; blood and iron,
Aryan purity, Jew perfidy, the S.S., the swastika-draped altars,
the boots and brutes. He was right;
a man belongs with his people, when his people
are ill and power is awry and only a lively tongue and mind
and that courage which is more crucial than intelligence
and (if required)
imprisonment and death
can bring access to health.
On June 22, 1939, he wrote Reinhold Niebuhr:
I have made a mistake in coming to America. I must live through this difficult time with the Christian people of Germany. I will have no right to participate in the reconstruction of Christian life there after the war if I do not share the trials of this time with my people. . . . Christians in Germany will face the terrible alternative of either willing the defeat of their nation in order that Christian civilization may survive, or willing the victory of their nation and thereby destroying our civilization. I know which of these alternatives I must choose; but I cannot make that choice in security.

He returned to Germany after only one month, though his visit had been
arranged for a year. Nor could he ever say precisely
why he returned; though he was reportedly quite clear
as to why he left Germany.
Indeed he had set down, in his usual precise fashion,
Three reasons for that last-minute voyage from his homeland (a voyage
which he never dared call a flight).
1 - 2 - 3. The reasons were persuasive to him at the time.
(They were invalidated in one month.)
1) to relive the isolation of the church 2) to vindicate the freedom of the church for special missions 3) to avoid the draft.
They were "churchy" reasons, selfish reasons. They involved the well-being
of a structure, proving something (as well as saving his own skin).
He returned. And he came to this decision for no reason at all,
as such things are commonly understood. No reason. Existence. Fidelity.
The spirit. Destiny. Folly. Whatever it is
draws men out of the common rut of rationality and at the same time
hides from them every vindication, proof,
the lying clarity of the conscious mind.
He wrote at the time: *It is strange I am never quite clear about the motives that underlie my decisions.*
He meant the real ones.
He had been clear about leaving Germany; then he was right.
That gave pause. He came home, humbled; *simply because that is where our life is; and because we abandon, destroy our life if we are not back in the fight.*

April 10, Friday. Anniversary of the death of Teilhard.
A stormy petrel of a day. As though a tranquil page had turned back under a contrary draft of wind.
A mood of peace, of rightness, all the horrors and honors at some distance. I feel strongly suspended in mind.
The gently anchoring fact is the presence of my friends—
their courtesy, their ease and acceptance.
I sit here alone with a dog in an old farm kitchen
very like the one of my boyhood.
The heavy winds put shoulder to the house.
There are pails and boots and jackets about,
signs of a land lying close to the door sill.
My life has anchored in a great simplicity.

Bonhoeffer went to almost any length to save important men; Niemöller was urged to volunteer for the navy, after war broke out in 1939. Bonhoeffer himself applied to become a military chaplain. Finally he entered upon the most perilous phase of his life. He joined in a conspiracy to assassinate Hitler, in order to bring down

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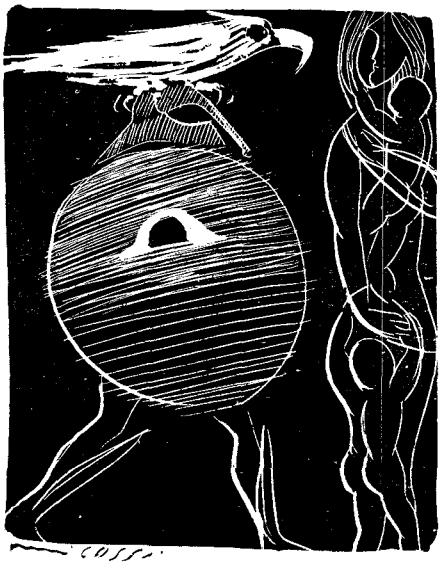
the Third Reich, and open the way for negotiations with the Allies.
Now presupposing, as I firmly believe, that the Vietnam war is comparable in its genocidal character to Hitler's war and his near extinction of the German Jews, one asks himself
whether Phil and I would at this stage, or any immediate future stage (or indeed at any point in the past four years), venture in any such direction.
We would not, by any means.
Which is not to say: we condemn this good man. Only to say
we have learned from him, from Hitler, from Johnson and Nixon
and the German church and the American church
from the cold war and the nuclear arsenals
from the flareup and quick demise of student movements
perhaps most of all from one another
what for us here and now are the limits of equivocal gestures.
The gradual growth of heroic understanding, in Bonhoeffer's case
is thrust at us more quickly, a kind of forced growth
from the brutal and unpredictable American experience.
We stand with Bonhoeffer, whose struggle
was more protracted, who was faithful unto death.
We, too, wish to be both Christian and contemporary. And this accounts,
paradoxically, for the difference between us and him.

Toward the end, in Tegel prison, tenderness and joy
descended upon him. It was not that conditions became less horrible.
But his superspy cloak and dagger existence
fell away like a rotten garment.
He became engaged to marry, an astonishing
act of faith, a leap into the unknown. A man of thirty-seven
eminent in his life and works
but living under a heavy cloud, a prisoner of the state
whose life is soon to be forfeit
engages himself to an eighteen-year-old girl.
His fiancée visited him unexpectedly;
it was their first and last meeting
in the whole course of his imprisonment.



On April 2, 1945, Bonhoeffer said to a fellow prisoner that *it was his duty not only to comfort the victims of the man who drove in a busy street like a menace, but also to try to stop him.*

John Hogan, at the Catonsville trial, said:

If there were a group of children
walking along the street
returning home from school
and a car
came down the street
out of control
If I could divert the car
from crashing into those children
I would feel an obligation
to turn the car from its path.
It is possible something would happen
to the individual in the car.
But no matter. I would be thinking
ten times more of those children.

Bonhoeffer was finally executed on 9 April 1945. Sometime later, his parents wrote to a friend:

"You know that we have been through a lot and lost two sons and two sons-in-law through the Gestapo. For years we had the tension caused by anxiety for those arrested, and for those not yet arrested but in danger. But since we were all agreed on the need to act, we are sad, but also proud of their attitude, which has been consistent."

* * *

I am responsible, not to the warmakers and purveyors of violence, but to the community of peacemaking resistance. 16 April 1970

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Carnage Before Noon on the Beautiful Mountain

by TRAN VAN DINH

ONE MORNING IN THE WAR: The Tragedy at Son My

by Richard Hammer

Coward-McCann, 207 pp., $5.95

MY LAI 4: A Report on the Massacre and Its Aftermath

by Seymour M. Hersh

Random House, 210 pp., $5.95

Vietnam, my homeland, was also a beautiful country until soldiers and planes of the Beautiful Country (My Quoc: America) came and began making it a desert in the name of a "just peace." When I was a student at the ancient imperial capital of Hue during the early 1940s, I spent most of my summer holidays visiting neighboring provinces, among them Quang Ngai (Vast Faithfulness). In July 1941, at the age of eighteen, I was a guest at the home of a friend whose family had lived for generations in the Son Tinh (Tranquil Mountain) district and had founded what was to be known as the Son My (Beautiful Mountain) village. I still remember the beaches; they were, as Richard Hammer describes them in *One Morning in the War*, "broad and beautiful, with soft velvet textured sand." But I knew of the loveliness of Quang Ngai, of the Son My area, of the "vast faithfulness" of their citizens to the fatherland even before I saw them. A classmate of mine, Tran Te Hanh (now a famed poet in Hanoi), had celebrated his home province of Quang Ngai in several of his works published in the then popular weekly *Ngay Nay* (Today). In the concluding paragraph of one of them, entitled "Que Huong" (My Native Village), he wrote:

> Away now from my village I always remember
> The blue water, the silver fishes, the lime-white sail
> The furtive profile of a boat riding over the waves to reach the open sea.
>
> How nostalgic I feel for that strong salty smell.

The friend with whom I had stayed during the summer of 1941 was killed in December 1946, far away from his "Beautiful Mountain," in the streets of Hanoi during the first clash between the Viet Minh Liberation Army and the invading French colonial troops. He had gone to North Vietnam to study medicine at Hanoi University—the only university in the country—and in 1945, after the August Revolution, had volunteered in the then ill-equipped but highly motivated Vietnam Liberation Army. He had continued the tradition of Quang Ngai and of his family. His grandfather was Truong Dang Que, the nationally famous poet, scholar, Minister of the Court, and teacher of princes. "One of the four pillars" of the kingdom, he had served under three Emperors (Minh Mang, 1820-1840; Thieu Tri, 1841-1847; Tu Duc, 1848-1883) and had advised Emperor Tu Duc in 1862 to fight until the end against the French conquest and occupation of South Vietnam. Later, leaving behind glory and fortune, he had retired to a simple life in his native hamlet of Tu Cung (Palace of Charity), designated in the American military maps as My Lai 4.

Richard Hammer, of *The New York Times*, was the first American journalist to point out correctly that Tu Cung was a hamlet which, if not considered exactly friendly, was, nevertheless, not considered implacably hostile" and that "by the margin of error of less than two miles, and perhaps because of the misnaming by the Americans, a settlement which was not the center of the VC, where the VC had never appeared in great numbers, was the first to suffer that morning, and suffer in the extreme." The misnaming of localities, the confusion between friends and foes, the attacks on wrong targets against wrong people have long proved characteristic of the massive U.S. military intervention in Vietnam. The gigantic armada of the Beautiful Country was indifferent to Vietnamese names, Vietnamese culture, and Vietnamese life.

Quang Ngai was also the birthplace of Pham Van Dong, Prime Minister of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (DRV, North Vietnam). His father, Pham Lieu, was the scholar-poet confidant of Emperor Duy Tan, whom the French exiled to Reunion Island in 1916 when the seventeen-year-old monarch unsuccessfully attempted to drive them out. In their historical Nam Tien (March to the South) the Vietnamese peasant-soldiers conquered the land of the Cham, founders in 1402 of the first settlements in Quang Ngai—as the area became officially known in 1602. During the French occupation Quang Ngai was a hotbed of nationalist resistance, led initially by scholars, poets, and mandarins and later, in the 1930s, mainly by the Indochinese Communist Party, which was formed by the late Ho Chi Minh. One of the first guerrilla units was created there, too, in the mountainous region of Ba To, by a Quang Ngai native of peasant background, Tran Van Tra, now identified as Tran Nam Trung, commander-in-chief of the National Liberation Front forces and Minister of Defense in the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam. Thus since its birth Quang Ngai has been a proud land, never totally conquered by foreigners, by the French or the Japanese. Nor was it totally controlled by the Ngo Dinh Diem government, which in 1955 started the ruthless To Cong (Communist Denunciation) campaign that resulted in death and imprisonment for thousands of former Viet Minh cadres, sympathizers, and suspects, regardless of their various political ideologies.

The remarkable achievement of *One Morning in the War* lies in the patient efforts of its author to understand Vietnamese history, to retrace the details of the Son My massacre, and to present to readers the real people of Quang Ngai. His account, which is sensitive yet objective, makes the tragedy that took place at Son My a personal one for me and a national one for Americans.

> On March 16, 1968, in the hours before noon, the village of Son My died. That morning, American troops in what was called Task Force Barker came to Son My. With them came bombs and artillery shells, small arm fire and grenades, torches and rockets. When Task Force Barker left Son My, the houses were leveled, the fields and ripening crops laid waste, the livestock slaughtered, the people scattered throughout

TRAN VAN DINH's last post in the South Vietnamese diplomatic service was that of chargé d'affaires in Washington, D.C., in 1963. In 1960 he was a member of the South Vietnamese Cabinet, holding the portfolio of Director General of Information, and he was also a member of the National Security Council. Mr. Dinh is now a lecturer and writer in the U.S.

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Quang Ngai Province and throughout all of South Vietnam, squatters in refugee camps.

The dead were left behind. When Task Force Barker abandoned Son My, more than five hundred people—men, women and children—had been deliberately and indiscriminately slaughtered in three small sub-hamlets of the village. They had been massacred in two separate actions by two different companies of the task force.

This paragraph sets the tone for Mr. Hammer's exhaustive investigation into the madness that descended on the Beautiful Mountain at sunrise. And when one reads all the details, most of them carefully gathered on the soil of Quang Ngai from the Quang Ngai people themselves, one cannot doubt that a massacre did indeed take place, a fact now officially admitted by the Pentagon. Richard Hammer has brilliantly and with compassion and lucidity succeeded in his purpose: not "to excuse, to blame or to condemn individuals [but] to discover . . . how and why an atrocity . . . could occur, and how and why American soldiers sent to protect and defend a people could turn and slaughter them."

More than a year and a half elapsed before that carnage became known to the American public, thanks to the tenacious efforts of Seymour M. Hersh. Based primarily on interviews with the men of Charlie Company who participated in the attack on My Lai 4, his book is eloquent testimony to the high quality, vigor, and vigilance of American journalism and reporting. Mr. Hersh richly deserved his Pulitzer Prize. *My Lai 4* may lack the sensitivity and the special Vietnamese flavor of Richard Hammer's book, but it is solidly documented and well written, full of relevant facts and figures. Because they complement and enrich each other, the two books should be read in succession.

The first chapter of *My Lai 4* is entitled "You Wouldn't Believe It"—a quote from a GI who was driving with a *New Yorker* magazine correspondent, Jonathan Schell, around Quang Ngai in the late summer of 1967: "You wouldn't believe the things that go on in this war." One could, however, believe them if one knew the nature of the "people's war," if one paid more attention to the news from "the other side" rather than automatically dismiss it as propaganda. On May 15, 1968, details of the Son My massacre were published in France by the NLF in the French-language publication *Sud Vietnam en Lutte* and in *Bulletin du Vietnam* by the Hanoi delegation to the Paris talks. Earlier, in April 1968, the NLF radio began broadcasting reports of the Son My massacre with specific details. Interestingly enough, the NLF dispatches about Son My proved to be accurate and rather more moderate than some printed in the American press. The NLF, which helped bury the victims, claimed 502 dead whereas many American papers gave the number as 567.

One could also "believe the things that go on" if he realized that Son My was not an isolated incident and especially if he carefully read historic precedents not only in the American Indian wars but, more specifically, in the U.S. campaign of pacification in the Philippines at the turn of this century. At the time the situation in the Philippines was described as follows by General Arthur MacArthur (father of General Douglas MacArthur), who replaced General Elwell Otis as military governor of the islands on May 1, 1900:

> . . . most of the towns secretly organized complete insurgent municipal governments to proceed simultaneously and in the same sphere as the American government's and in many instances through the same personnel. . . . In other words, the towns, regardless of the fact of American occupation and town organization, are the actual bases for all insurgent military activities. . . . The success of this unique system of war depends upon almost complete unity of action of the entire native population. That such unity is a fact is too obvious to admit of discussion. . . . (Quotation from Report of the War Department, Vol. 1, Part 5, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 1900, pp. 61-62.)

Faced with such a rebellion, which closely resembled the South Vietnam scene in the late 1950s, the new military governor announced that "insurgents would be regarded as common criminals" who were "violating the laws of war and would be treated accordingly." Atrocities were committed by American troops, and the United States Senate investigated charges of cruelty. Following is an exchange in the Senate:

Senator Rawlins: If these shacks were of no consequence, what was the utility of their destruction?

General Hughes: The destruction was a punishment. They permitted these people to come in there and conceal themselves, and they gave no sign.

Senator Rawlins: The punishment in that case would fall not upon the men who could go elsewhere but mainly upon the women and little children.

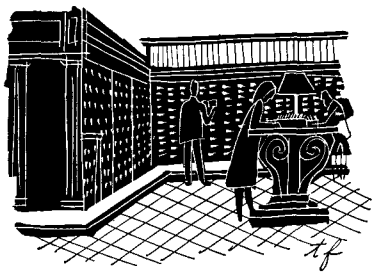
General Hughes: The women and children are part of the family, and where you wish to inflict a punishment, you can punish the man probably worse in that way than in any other.

Senator Rawlins: But is that within the ordinary rules of civilized warfare? Of course, you could exterminate the family, which would be still worse punishment.

General Hughes: These people are not civilized.

(U.S. Senate Document No. 331, 57th Congress, 1st Session; Government Printing Office, 1902, pp. 559.)

Brigadier General Jacob H. Smith, who, like virtually all ranking military officers in the Philippines, was a veteran of the American Indian wars, defined the age limit for killing as "everything over ten" (Senate Document No.



331 pp. 1,548). Provost Marshal General J. Franklin Bell, who took part in the Batangas campaign, estimated that one-sixth of the inhabitants of Luzon (about 600,000 Filipinos) died from the direct or indirect effects of the war, in the "free fire zones" and in concentration camps. A mini Son My did take place on February 19,1899, when, enlisted men of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteer Infantry Regiment testified, two officers of the regiment, Major Wilder Metcalf and Captain William Bishop, ordered and participated in the killing of Filipino civilians and prisoners of war (Senate Document No. 331, pp. 1,420-1,484.)

The search-and-destroy operations conducted by the U.S. forces in Cambodia since April 30, 1970, will surely lead to the same killing and destruction. According to a May 3rd dispatch by the Associated Press, "troops of the U.S. 11th Armored Cavalry Regiment burned down at least five villages, each with thirty to forty houses. Officers said they were told to burn the villages because they could be of use to North Vietnamese and Vietcong troops." Nor should one forget the extensive destruction caused by B-52 saturation bombings and various types of anti-personnel weapons devised in academic institutions and manufactured by harmless-seeming corporations.

A grotesque aspect of the Son My incident was the message from General William C. Westmoreland, then commander of the U.S. forces in Vietnam: "Operation Muscatine [the code name for the My Lai 4 assault] contact northeast of Quang Ngai City on 16 March dealt enemy heavy blow. Congratulations to officers and men of C/1/20 [Charlie Company, 1st Battalion, 20th Infantry] . . . for outstanding action."

Even more grotesque was the reaction of the Saigon government. President Nguyen Van Thieu declared that the accounts of a massacre by the U.S. soldiers were "completely untrue." This prompted Senator Tran Van Don

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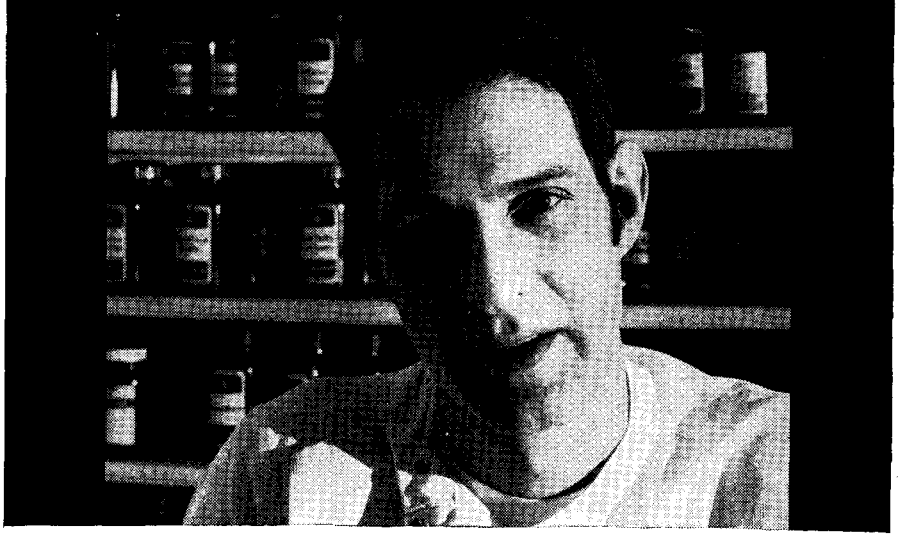
to call Thieu a "valet of the Americans, who are his sole support." Valet or not, the truth is that the Saigon government, which claims the allegiance of more than 90 per cent of the population of South Vietnam, has failed blatantly to protect its people. Instead, the Saigon government has asked foreign troops and foreign planes to kill them, has sent soldiers and tanks to fight for the Lon Nol Cambodian government, which has slaughtered thousands of Vietnamese civilians, and it has used the army and police to suppress war veterans' protests and demonstrations by students who wanted to show their sympathy for murdered compatriots in Cambodia. Yet President Nixon's Vietnamization program, stripped of its rhetoric and public relations devices, is nothing if not unqualified support of the present Saigon régime, with its desire to prolong and extend the war into the entire Indochinese peninsula.

Here lies the root of Son My. Obviously, no one in his right mind could defend Lieutenant Calley, the main perpetrator of the Son My massacre, but to condemn him without probing the heart of the war issue and sorry incidents in America's military past too easily explains away a national tragedy.

Not long ago I was speaking at a college in the Midwest. During the question-and-answer period a student asked me, perhaps with more sympathy than malice, "Sir, do you think that your situation now is not much different from that of a Jew living in Germany in the early 1940s?" "There is a difference," I replied, but before I could elaborate he left the room.

The difference is in the publication of these two books, of Daniel Lang's *Casualties of War*, and of numerous articles in national periodicals about American atrocities in Vietnam, which reach millions of people, old and young, black and white, rich and poor—among them, clergy and laymen, soldiers and veterans—who are determined to save the American conscience from being a casualty of the war in Vietnam. To avoid future Vietnams and future Son Mys, the books by Richard Hammer and Seymour Hersh must be read by all Americans and translated into many foreign languages (particularly Vietnamese, with special copies for President Thieu). Last month the United States Information Agency instructed its overseas libraries to order conservative-oriented books from a list that included works by Senator Barry Goldwater and Governor Ronald Reagan. *One Morning in the War* and *My Lai 4* must be added to that list. This would prove to the world that the American soul is not yet buried under the Son My corpses.

"If you think all drugs are created equal... ask your pharmacist."



A pharmacist speaks candidly about his role in the dispensing of medicines.

I work with medicines every day and with the doctors who prescribe them. Over the years, I've been constantly aware that there are real differences in drug products and their effects on patients . . . even those products which have the same chemical composition. Research has shown that a drug's effectiveness can be influenced by a number of factors, including its solubility, particle size, crystal form, tablet compression, and age. Your doctor and I know from experience how certain medicines work; that's why he prescribes and I dispense quality products with which we are familiar. And that's why I am a firm believer in using brand name products or quality generics from reliable manufacturers . . . companies whose performance you can depend on.

Time and again it's been proved that a drug product containing the same active ingredients made by several companies will have markedly different effects in human subjects. With the potent and potentially dangerous drugs of today, I say put your trust in the doctor and pharmacist to provide the medicine that's best for your particular needs.

Personally, I would never settle for less.

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

As I sat for two hours in a fume-drenched aircraft amid an endless stream of jets waiting to take off (after I had nearly missed the plane because of a traffic jam of grotesque proportions on the East River Drive), Mortimer J. Adler's *The Time of Our Lives: The Ethics of Common Sense* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $7.95) seemed hardly the book to dissolve my accumulated bile or to calm a spirit driven nearly frantic by a week in New York. During my stay, mountains of undelivered mail had piled up, with some essential letters probably lost forever. A good night's sleep was rendered impossible by the clatter of mechanical garbage eaters. The mind was disturbed by bombings, racists and other zanies, and the hideous ghetto north of 110th Street.

Was this, could this be, the time of our lives? Surely life was far, far better in those leisured days when one could stroll in Central Park in the dusk without fear of mugging, when New York settled into peace and silence during the early hours of morning, when one could be absolutely certain that the *Queen Mary* would leave on time, when policemen were kind and postmen prompt. Oh, the days of our fathers, how golden they seem! What strange common sense could lead one to believe that this collapsing, cracking, crazy world was the best that man had yet created for himself? For that was Mr. Adler's proposition, and he intended to prove it by philosophic argument. When at long last the great Boeing soared with effortless ease toward the east, Mortimer Adler faced, I thought, an almost impossible task.

Nor was mine easy. Mr. Adler is no Bertrand Russell, no Jean-Paul Sartre, no Alfred J. Ayer. He is slow, methodical, prosaic—as, indeed, a lecturer for the Foundation of the Encyclopaedia Britannica should be. He carefully takes his reader along the well-trodden philosophical paths, cautiously defines what is good for man as a social animal, deals sometimes effectively, sometimes opaquely with justification for or arguments against value judgments. I must admit that by the time we reached Nova Scotia I rather hungered for Anthony Trollope's *The Duke's Children*, which nestled in my briefcase, but grimly I faced the wastes of the Atlantic with the rest of Adler.

Having performed his slow and often arthritic philosophical acrobatics to show that philosophy, human drives, and modern society were linked to desirable ends, he reached, just as we were off the coast of Ireland, man's present situation. With the bland common sense I had now come to expect of him, Mr. Adler conceded that many criticisms of American society are justified: students have legitimate grievances, there is some poverty, some deprivation, some racism. Yet,

> with all such considerations in mind, I still think it is fair to say that from the point of view of providing the external conditions of a good human life for a larger percentage of its citizens, the United States is, on balance, as good as, if not better than, any other country in the world today, and vastly better than any state that ever existed in the past.

And, he adds, philosophy proves it. Americans are pursuing philosophically worthwhile goals—the good life of things, leisure, freedom. America provides the good life as no other society does. We are having the time of our lives.

I was still pondering this bold patriotic thesis, at once old-fashioned and unfashionable, when I landed in Amsterdam. Here at least was one country that was ahead of America—no poverty to speak of, no racism, better health service, better education, greater tolerance, a far higher and wider standard of culture. Nor is it a dull society; Amsterdam lives vigorously in the present. The Netherlands wins easily. No sensible man would prefer New York to Amsterdam.

But such comparisons are scarcely fair, and, if one is as level-headed as Mr. Adler, in the end one is forced to concede his point. In America more people are living well than have done so in any other time or place in human history.

How much more forcibly this was brought home by Pierre Goubert's brilliant *Louis XIV and Twenty Million Frenchmen* (Pantheon, $7.95), which does vividly and piercingly in its first two chapters what Mr. Adler attempted in more than 200 pages. Anyone (and there will be many) who is unconvinced by Adler's philosophical arguments should turn to Goubert's book. History leaves us in no doubt whatsoever that, whatever horrors the modern world may possess, it is incomparably better to be alive today.

The average life expectancy in 1661 was probably twenty-five; only ten persons out of a hundred lived to be sixty. A large percentage of babies died; the human stock was kept going by continual pregnancies. Famine and plague threaded the lives of most men and women as regularly as the seasons. War was constant and inescapable, and war meant pillage, rape, murder, disease, and hunger. Bombs, strikes, ghettos—what are these compared to such a hideous existence? Even in Vietnam life is not so desperate as it was for the French peasantry a mere 300 years ago, and what was true of France was true of most of Europe.

If only our young, our publicists, our media men would read history and ponder it, how much more clear-headed they would be about the ills of today. Mr. Adler could have saved himself a lot of time, and his readers much tedium, if he had turned to history instead of philosophy.

Such study might also have led Mr. Adler to a less euphoric confidence in present-day America. After all, it is the one highly industrialized society in which the life expectancy of some of its citizens is falling, and where infant mortality is increasing.

"I've decided to keep from going further into debt today by staying in bed."

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Inside Joke?

OF COURSE, ONLY JAMES DICKEY can tell us for sure, but it seems to me that reviewers everywhere, including Benjamin De Mott [*SR*, Mar. 28], have missed the "inside" joke of his book *Deliverance*—even the *double entendre* of the title.

Aren't we supposed to believe that the book marks the deliverance for us all from exactly the he-man myth which your reviewer describes? Viewed in this light, isn't the sodomy really awfully funny? And isn't it significant that Lewis, whose muscle development makes that "I" character gasp, is the only one among them who has no occupation, who lives on the rents from inherited property? I know you can carry this kind of thing too far, but it sounds like a literary joke to me. Otherwise the book is so silly and slick and characterless there's just no excuse for it.

HILDA BURNS,
New York, N.Y.

Strained Moral View

IT IS FRIGHTENING how fast mythography has replaced history in matters relating to Palestine since the Balfour Declaration.

Thus Irving M. Herman [BOOK FORUM, May 2] asserts that the exodus of Arab refugees was "incited by their own brethren promising a speedy return after exterminating the Jews and threatening them with a similar fate should they remain," and claims evidence attested to by Glubb Pasha—who in fact noted, in Chapter XIV of *A Soldier with the Arabs*, that the refugees were the victims of "ruthless expulsion." Glubb continues: "The story which Jewish publicity at first persuaded the world to accept, that the Arab refugees left voluntarily, is not true." He and others point to the expulsion of 60,000 Arabs from the Lydda-Ramle area by Haganah regulars. Expulsions occurred also at Jaffa, Beersheba, Acre, and elsewhere.

In Haifa the pleas of the Jewish mayor that the Arabs stay put were ineffective in competition with Haganah loudspeaker trucks touring the city urging them to get out. The same technique was used in Jerusalem, where the Arabs were informed that the road to Jericho was still open and that by using it they could avoid the fate of Deir Yassin. A few Arabs, perhaps to save face, perhaps to boost morale, apparently claimed belatedly that the exodus was planned, but no evidence supports them. The records of British and American monitoring units show that Arab radio stations broadcast appeals and even flat orders to civilians to stay put, and that no Arab radio station broadcast any orders to evacuate. Extensive research has produced no Arab publication of any sort urging evacuation. Nor, despite Mr. Herman's assertion, is Deir Yas-

(*Continued on page* 42)

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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MARCEL DUCHAMP

by Arturo Schwarz

Abrams, 630 pp., $50

NOTES AND PROJECTS FOR THE LARGE GLASS

by Marcel Duchamp, edited by Arturo Schwarz

Abrams, 217 pp., $35

Reviewed by John Walker

■ Marcel Duchamp was one of the most influential painters of the twentieth century. To his work can be traced many of the basic theories of pop art, op art, kinetic art, surrealism, dada, self-destroying art, and other esthetic movements of our time. Yet his important paintings number fewer than twenty. As with Leonardo da Vinci, whom he resembled in his experimentation and in his dilatoriness, Duchamp's influence far exceeded his achievement. It took him from 1915 to 1923 to reach a point in his greatest work—*The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*—where he was prepared to abandon the painting as permanently unfinished. "It took so long," he explained, "because I could never work more than two hours a day. You see, it interested me, but not enough to be *eager* to finish it. I'm lazy; don't forget that."

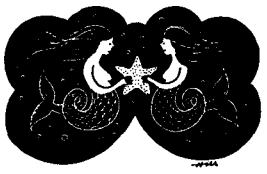
Laziness could never be attributed to Arturo Schwarz. He has produced a monograph that will remain for all time, I believe, the definitive work on the *oeuvre* of Marcel Duchamp. It weighs ten pounds, a wrist-breaking book that should have been published in two volumes, or, if one volume was important for some obscure reason, then with thinner paper and smaller print for the text. Nevertheless, one should be grateful for the splendid illustrations — seventy-five in color and more than 600 in black and white—and for the Catalogue Raisonné with its admirable notes on every painting, drawing, manifesto, exhibition installation, window display, chess set, and ready-made that could possibly be associated with Duchamp.

Though he lived to be eighty-two, his production as a painter was infinitesimal compared to, say, that of Modigliani, who died at thirty-six. But like Leonardo with his sketchbooks, Duchamp was constantly generating original ideas. All of these, mostly aberrations of genius, Mr. Schwarz has painstakingly collected and annotated. He has also compiled what he terms "Elements of a Descriptive Bibliography of Duchamp's Writings, Lectures, Translations, and Interviews" and a "Bibliography of Works Quoted," numbering in the first category 263 entries and in the second 294 publications, a tour de force of research.

The monograph is admirable in so many ways, a model of its kind, that it seems unfair to be critical. According to the author it was written over a period of ten years in close collaboration with Duchamp, who characteristically advised Mr. Schwarz, "Have fun; if not, you'll bore us." I feel sure the book did not bore Marcel Duchamp. He must have thought it great fun. To read in one's biography an intricate investigation into the probability that one has committed incest with one's sister, knowing oneself of course the truth or falsehood of all the deductions, would have appealed to his black humor. "Humor and laughter," he once said, "are my pet tools. This may come from my general philosophy of never taking the world too seriously — for fear of dying of boredom."

Mr. Schwarz, on the other hand, seems often to be humorless. He is preoccupied with the incest theme, which he believes is basic in *The Bride Stripped Bare*, and this causes some absurd conclusions that must have given Duchamp pleasure. For example, the author says: "For Duchamp, America was the country where the contradictions of the incest situation had been extinguished through the separation of the Bachelor and the Bride in space. This geographical separation is a less painful solution than separation in time which involves the death of one of the partners." The artist's reaction when he came to New York during World War I seems to have been much less Freudian. "I came over here, not because I couldn't paint at home, but because I hadn't anyone to talk to," he told an interviewer. "I adore New York. There is much about it which is like the Paris of the old days."

The quotations from Duchamp in this book are articulate and lucid, far clearer than the prose of the author. But in *Notes and Projects for the Large Glass*, a companion volume edited by Mr. Schwarz, Duchamp is more obscure. In this publication, still larger in format but less heavy than *The Complete Works*, Mr. Schwarz reproduces the autograph text and translates for the first time all the comments and plans for *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even.* These show Duchamp's desire "to get away from the physical aspects of painting, to put painting once more at the service of the mind." But verbalization was his problem. "You cannot find any language to speak about painting. Painting is a language of its own," he affirmed. "You cannot interpret one form of expression with another form of expression." This may be correct, but if so it makes writing about art difficult if not impossible.



One wishes, however, that Mr. Schwarz had accepted Duchamp's position and had devoted less time to trying to interpret the paintings and more to the biography of a strange and fascinating human being. What were Duchamp's relations with the Arensbergs, his royal patrons? Walter Arensberg, who left a fortune for research to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, once told me that seeing the *Nude Descending a Staircase* changed his life. He gave up journalism, married a rich woman, and devoted himself to forming his collection (now in the Philadelphia Museum), one of the largest assemblages in the world of works by Duchamp and artists close to him in style. How one would love to know what Duchamp thought of the Arensbergs!

Duchamp is probably the only artist in history who formed a company intended to break the bank at Monte Carlo. He issued bonds to prove the worth of his roulette system and immediately went bankrupt. To say that these bonds today are not worth the paper they are printed on is hilariously true. The paper on which they are printed is a work of art, and thus worth much more than the original value of the entire bond issue.

Duchamp was enchantingly inconsistent. He believed in chance, once flipping a coin to determine whether he would go to New York or remain in Paris, yet he felt chance could be controlled by a system. His frivolity was equally captivating. "The only serious thing which I might consider is eroticism," he once said, "because that is serious!" But he seems also to have taken chess seriously, virtually abandoning the visual arts for the art of the most enthralling of games. I can never forget a photograph I once saw of Duchamp. He was impeccably dressed and seated at a chessboard; his opponent was a beautiful woman completely naked. I have sometimes wondered whether this photograph does not sum up the true interests of Duchamp's life. But Mr. Schwarz's book does not tell me, and perhaps Duchamp did not tell Mr. Schwarz.

John Walker is director emeritus of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C.

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PRISONERS OF THIS WORLD

by Bernard Kaplan

Grossman, 177 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Curt Leviant

■ Bernard Kaplan's first book, a short-story collection entitled *Prisoners of This World,* displays the talent of a new young writer who limns reality with a slightly surreal pen. Accompanying the diverse range of themes, moods, and characters is the unifying motif of pathos and trouble that clings to most of the protagonists.

Mr. Kaplan's strengths are perhaps best displayed in the title story, which has novelistic richness and depth. The heroine, Moe, is an old lady who will soon celebrate her fiftieth anniversary as a sales clerk in the toy section of a large department store. Surrounding her is a strong supporting cast, including Harold, the store psychiatrist, who had been expelled from several medical schools for various zany infractions, and Jonie Freed, a lonely Muncie, Indiana, girl now living with Moe. Moe has been "shoplifting the store blind," but the management prefers to ease such employees into retirement rather than prosecute them.

The imaginative underlife of the story slowly emerges as we realize that Moe shoplifts in order to populate her private town, a microcosm of the real world, which contains the souls of people she knew:

> It was simple enough for Moe to put one of her boys into her town. She knew what Jonie Freed and all religious people knew. She knew from the time she was a little girl that people have bodies and souls. Moe allowed the bodies of her boys to continue to walk around after they left the store, but she made sure that their souls were put safely into the town. She put the souls into the bodies of the metal and plastic men and women whom she bought from her own department. To put a soul into a body she would take the body and rub it carefully along the back of the boy she wanted to save. Usually Moe did this in fun. Most of her boys looked at her as a jolly fat woman, a year-round female Santa Claus. Moe never told any of the boys that they would be put in the town. She did not want any of them to have any memories of their previous life when they got there. So far only she and Jonie Freed would come to the town knowing about both lives.

The permissive shoplifting is but one extension of the fantasy that blends with the actuality of the store. The "town" and its metamorphosed souls are an extended metaphor for a

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trapped, lifeless, manipulated populace, and the toy department becomes a paradigm of the present world. With its fanciful slant and mature fusion of thought and feeling, "Prisoners of This World" is evidence of a confidently developing talent.

The element of fantasy that touches the commonplace is also evident in the other stories. "Media Scare" is about an all-around culture and sports hero who will soon be featured on the cover of *Event*, a popular magazine that chooses its cover subjects by computer. This distinction, however, is really a mark of death, for all those so honored soon die—with national TV coverage. How the hero attempts to outwit his destiny is the major theme of the tale.

In "Diaspora" a Jewish family in the Bronx seeks exit from an increasingly dangerous neighborhood populated by variously colored gangs and loners, otherwise known as Them. The story is narrated from different points of view: the scared mother; the son, Larry, a dog groomer, who marries a plain gentile girl, and the father, Herman, who chases Ted Mack's *Amateur Hour* around the country. Soon the dread of violence turns into actual violence, as fear and reality blend in a series of bloodbaths and attempted murders.

Mr. Kaplan's short, chiseled sentences often understate the slightly Kafkaesque mood of his fiction. These stories are, of course, very American, but their fantasy, bizarre humor, and unexpected terror are reminiscent of such German artists as George Grosz, E. T. A. Hoffmann, and Heinrich von Kleist. Kaplan's major fault is occasionally excessive length. In some stories the tension, interest, and emotional grip are vitiated by an endless replay of scenes. By further revision sharper focus might have been achieved in "Media Scare," "Dear Arthur Darling," and "One of the Seas Is Called Tranquillity."

Most of these stories were published in unheralded literary quarterlies such as *Confluence*, *American Weave*, *The Goddard Journal*—an indication that these so-called little magazines are still the best repository for fine American fiction. Publication of a short-story collection—especially a first book—is unfortunately a financial risk; Grossman should, therefore, be applauded for giving us Bernard Kaplan's imaginative volume.

Curt Leviant's fiction has appeared in unheralded literary quarterlies as well as in "Best American Short Stories."

THE SEMINARIAN

by Michel del Castillo, translated from the French by George Robinson

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 135 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Robert J. Clements

■ Now firmly established as an important novelist, Michel del Castillo started out more as symbol than author—a kind of Spanish Ann Frank. As a child he was shunted over the border into France, where he experienced life in the Spanish Republican refugee camps and in a Nazi concentration camp. His first novel, *A Child of Our Time*, was autobiographical and depicted a world in disarray.

The Seminarian draws on Castillo's two years in a Jesuit school at Ubeda in the south of Spain. It is the first-person diary of seventeen-year-old Gerardo Laïn, who is preparing for the priesthood in a seminary at Baeza, and traces the course of his infatuation with Juan Alvear, a fellow-orphan from Seville. This is the plot; more compelling is its theme of loneliness, the craving for companionship and affection.

Despite the austere beauty of masses, Holy Week processions, and other ceremonies, the seminary is pervaded with a peculiarly Spanish asceticism. During Lent the novices are subjected to a Carthusian silence: "It creates an unreal atmosphere, a little disturbing." In their sermons, several of which are reproduced, and in the confessional, the fathers display the most rigid orthodoxy, creating what Gerardo calls an oppressive atmosphere of lying and hypocrisy. The boys take "discipline" (self-flagellation) in the morning, and Gerardo wears a tight chain around his waist. Clerical suspicion is ever-present: boys with visitors must leave doors open; priests are not allowed to visit boys at night; Gerardo is chided for his "sensuous walk" and for keeping his hands in his pockets.

In Baroque Spain mystical poets sublimated their sexual drives by assuming the identity of "spouses of Christ." Gerardo admits to a "mystical bent," and as love grows, at first indefinable, between the two orphans, Gerardo assumes the invert role. He is the "prima donna" of the choir, the only one whose voice can reach the highest notes of the *"benedicta tu"* in the *Ave Maria*. His imagination is excited by the image of Christ's naked body. The building up to the homosexual act is delicately handled, yet it all culminates in a tragedy that is unconvincing in its timing even though not in its motivation.

The retention of his faith is a constant struggle for Gerardo. While there are moments when he feels grace as a "fine rain" on his soul, his doubts are unremitting, particularly after a fellow-student dies. Gerardo cannot accept all the talk about Resurrection. When his masters try to reassure him by recalling Jesus's faith, Gerardo objects that Jesus had no grounds for doubt, since "He had talked with the Father." But even this shows that Gerardo's doubts exist within a framework of belief: after his first sin he feels doomed, and hysterically beseeches Satan to "pull me down in the abyss."

The priests, who face the same lone-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

AN ENGLISH DRAMATIST

Jocelyn Classey of Toronto, Ont., has split some dramatis personae in half, placing their names in one column and their identifications in another. Your task is to rejoin them and name the play in which each appears. The prompter is on page 54.

1. A French Physician ( )	A. Antonio	a. *As You Like It*
2. A Bellows Mender ( )	B. Autolycus	b. *Julius Caesar*
3. A Poet ( )	C. Barnardine	c. *Love's Labour's Lost*
4. A Sea Captain ( )	D. Cassandra	d. *Measure for Measure*
5. A Schoolmaster ( )	E. Charles	e. *Merchant of Venice*
6. A Waiting-Maid ( )	F. Cinna	f. *Merry Wives of Windsor*
7. A Wrestler ( )	G. Caius	g. *Midsummer Night's Dream*
8. A Dissolute Prisoner ( )	H. Dogberry	h. *Much Ado About Nothing*
9. A Rogue ( )	I. Flute	i. *The Tempest*
10. A Prophetess ( )	J. Holofernes	j. *Troilus and Cressida*
11. A Constable ( )	K. Nerissa	k. *Twelfth Night*
12. A Drunken Butler ( )	L. Stephano	l. *The Winter's Tale*

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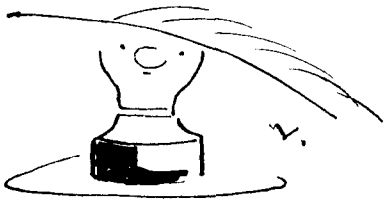
liness and the same temptations, seem, for the most part, to have put Satan behind them. The most important and lifelike of these is Father Nordel, who watches the growing bond between Gerardo and Juan and tries to break it up.

We put down the book depressed by the medieval quality of life in the seminary. Del Castillo's point is that there is something very wrong with this antiquated education and its overemphasis on morality. One cannot help thinking of Arturo Barea's charge in his study on Lorca: "The atmosphere of Spanish churches, as power-



ful and all-pervading as the Catholic Church of Spain itself, cannot fail to have a deep effect on the minds of young people. Very often it produces a precocious awareness of sex, combined with fear. . . . When the father confessor asks them from their seventh year onward, 'Have you fornicated?' it often breeds an early mysticism." Or, as in the case of Gerardo, an early Satanism.

Robert J. Clements is head of the Comparative Literature Department of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at New York University.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1399

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1399 will be found in the next issue.

JNY BVWQ AYFTBV JNFJ TBLY

KYBKWY NFIY F TYPAYJ TBA-

ABR XT JNFJ JNY AYTJ BO ST

RBV'J WXTJYV JB NXL.

—MFLYT OBAAYTJFW

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1398

If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs, maybe you haven't heard the news.
—ADAM SMITH.

Criminal Record

Fact

Donovan of OSS. *By Corey Ford. Little, Brown.* $8.50. Nobody seems to know how "Wild Bill" Donovan came by his sobriquet; the most likely explanation is that he acquired it through periphrasis—calling things by their opposites, *e.g.*, nicknaming a 200-pound man "Tiny." General Donovan did not, of course, invent American espionage. George Washington did that, aided and abetted by a young Yale-educated schoolteacher who gave his life in its service. His name was Nathan Hale. If you feel that you owe it to yourself to read one treatise on intelligence, make it this one.

The Legendary American: The Remarkable Career and Strange Disappearance of Jim Thompson. *By William Warren. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.95. On Easter Sunday 1967 the Thai silk titan of Bangkok (an American) set off on a solitary stroll in the mountains while vacationing in Malaysia. He was thoroughly familiar with the area, and the road was clearly marked. No one has seen him since. Murder, suicide, abduction? None of the possibilities has been either proved or disproved.

The Fabulous Frauds: Fascinating Tales of Great Art Forgeries. *By Lawrence Jeppson. Weybright & Talley.* $10. The exposure of "the greatest Vermeer of all" (painted in the 1930s by Han Van Meegeren) and the Metropolitan Museum's giant "Etruscan terra cottas" (created by four ingenious Italians) reddened the faces of some of the world's leading art experts and archeologists. The author takes a less harsh attitude toward the forgers than toward those who judge works of art by their price tags. A few of Thomas J. Wise's fakes could legitimately have been included, as well as some illustrations showing both originals and phonies. **John T. Winterich**

Fiction

All Grass Isn't Green. *By A. A. Fair. Morrow.* $4.95. A multimillionaire is in love with a lady writer who is involved with another writer who is after a story on marijuana smuggling over the California-Mexico border. There is a killing, and there is a courtroom scene in which detective Donald Lam pulls the fat—and his multimillionaire client—out of the fire. There hasn't been a mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner (writing as A. A. Fair) about Donald Lam and Bertha Cool in two years, and if the late Mr. Gardner had not been so prolific one could say with certainty that this is the team's last appearance. One hopes it isn't, for the book is a disappointing formula job—heavy on talk, slight on action—that will please only the faithful.

Never Ask a Policeman. *By D. J. Olivy. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. Here is the first winner of the newly established Charlotte Armstrong Award, which may be a publishing gimmick, but has paid off in a promising début. What seems to be a wrap-up on a closed case—a teen-ager has blackmailed and murdered an elderly lady, then committed suicide—turns into much more as Acting Superintendent Ken Hollis becomes obsessed with the dead girl. She had been a friend of his own teen-aged daughter, who also died tragically. Miss Olivy writes well of police work the way it is, without the phony fireworks lesser authors resort to. It is a shame that she did not allow the reader to know the girl in the case before her death, or to become more involved with the person who turns out to be the real killer, but Miss Olivy is definitely a writer to follow.

Run Away to Murder. *By Jeremy York. Macmillan.* $4.50. An English manor house, a touch of arsenic, and a family full of suspects—it's all as comfy as an old shoe and just as welcome. As you doubtless know, Jeremy York is one of John Creasy's *noms de* bloody *plume.*

Darker Than Amber. *By John D. MacDonald. Lippincott.* $4.95. Travis McGee, the salvage consultant—you want something, he'll get it back for you at a price—and his buddy, Meyer, are snook fishing when a beautiful girl is tossed off the bridge near them. Travis rescues Vangie, the girl with eyes darker than amber, and finds himself with a lady marked for death living on his houseboat. The McGee series—semi-tough but literate—is on its way to passing the Rover Boys in volume.

Jigsaw. *By Ed McBain. Doubleday.* $4.95. The prize is $750,000; the clues to its location are pieces of a photograph distributed to all sorts of interested parties. The question is, who gets to the money first—the killer or the men of the 87th Precinct? This twenty-third novel of police work in the 87th Precinct series is just fine, and, as usual, makes one wonder about its creator. The Ed McBain books almost always give more pleasure than those Evan Hunter writes under his own name.
Haskel Frankel

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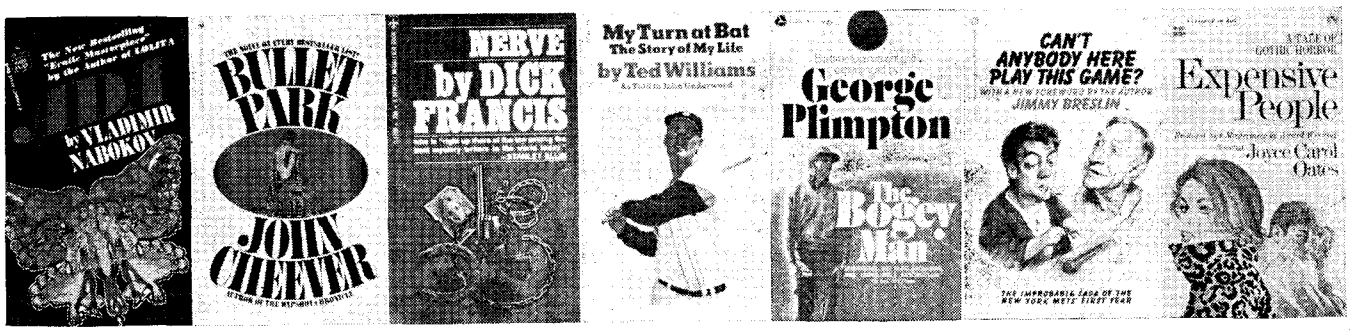

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

This year's Edgar, the Mystery Writers of America annual award, went to Dick Francis for *Forfeit* (Berkley, 75¢), a who-and-how-done-it about horserace fixing in England. It's Francis's sixth racing mystery to appear here. Earlier ones include such first-rate thrillers as *Nerve* (75¢), *Blood Sport* (75¢), *For Kicks* (60¢). *Inquiry*, his latest book, will be published by Harper in June.

No writer knows more about horse racing than Dick Francis. When he retired in 1957 he was one of England's most famous steeplechase jockeys, having been champion jockey of the year in 1954. He was also the Queen's Jockey, retained by the Queen Mother to ride all her jumpers. Though he no longer holds this post, the Queen Mother is still a fan of his, and reads all his mysteries. His acquaintance with the royal family goes back to his boyhood in Wales, when the then Princess Elizabeth presented twelve-year-old Dick Francis with a riding crop after he won an amateur race. He still has it. Though he's reluctant to discuss his royal patrons, Francis did say, "They're charming, really. So easy to talk with."

Francis makes a clean distinction between steeplechasing and the rest of horse racing. "Flat racing is a business; steeplechasing is a sport. There's a marvelous spirit about it. The competition is keen, and yet my best friend and I would race neck and neck, laughing at each other at every turn." Tall and barrel-chested, Francis doesn't look like a typical jockey. "Steeplechase riders have to be bigger to handle the larger horses," he said. "Then, too, we fall a lot, about once every nine times out, and if you're in 500 races a year, that's a lot of falls. You have to be fairly sturdy to handle that." Both his father and grandfather were also jockeys, and his son Merrill, twenty, has just become one. Recently Francis, his wife Mary, and their younger son Felix, eighteen, watched Merrill ride in three races and win all of them. Last week, just before Francis came to America, Merrill fell and broke his collarbone, but "they strapped him up and he'll be right as rain."

It was the hard falls that forced Francis to quit racing. He began writing a racing column for the *Sunday Express*, and it is still a popular weekly feature. Mary encouraged him to write his autobiography, *Sport of Queens* (Harper). Francis, who seems particularly proud that his wife has a university degree, shows her everything he writes before submitting it for publication.

While racing was sheer pleasure for him, he finds writing hard work. He has no interest in doing books about other subjects. His long wartime experiences in Africa, for instance, would seem to be good material for fiction, but, he declares, "I hated war. I made the best of the ghastly thing, really, but I wouldn't want to write about it, to glorify it." He works on his novels every day, but not before taking a long dawn ride. "It keeps me in the racing world, you know, and you'd be surprised at the things you hear around the stables early in the morning."

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

The spring collection of paperback novels is fairly blossoming with books you wanted to read when they were on the best-seller lists but somehow never got around to. Here's a second chance at Vladimir Nabokov's *Ada* (Crest, $1.25), which has probably confused more readers than any recent book except Lawrence Durrell's *Tunc*. Like Durrell's, Nabokov's prose is erotic and has layers of multiple meanings. The author calls *Ada, or Ardor* (it's that kind of book) a "family chronicle." Some family, where a sister spends a lifetime sleeping with her brother. And some chronicle. Well, read it yourself.

The people in John Cheever's *Bullet Park* (Bantam, $1.25), for all their hyped-up emotions and tranquilized libido, are a lot more familiar. Cheever is master at this kind of suburban fiction. In *Bullet Park* a teen-ager refuses to get out of bed, while his father, a mouthwash mogul, faces his load of guilt.

We've often thought that R. V. Cassill's *Clem Anderson* (Avon, $1.25) ought to have done better with the reading public its first time out. Clem is a kind of Augie March (remember him, from back in the days before Saul Bellow got so cerebral?). He's rough and gutsy, and the big, broad novel is filled with his exuberant feeling for life. Another Cassill hero is the title character in *La Vie Passionnée of Rodney Buckthorne* (Bantam, 95¢). He's not so grand in stature as Clem, perhaps, but he's a liver and a lover nonetheless, and his odyssey, sexual and spiritual, makes quite a good read.

If all that is too lusty for your taste, how about a couple of Japanese writers to whom sexual activity is as cool as a crane in a lotus pond? Yasunari Kawabata was practically unheard of in the West until 1968, when he won the Nobel Prize for literature. *The House of the Sleeping Beauties* (Ballantine, 95¢), translated by Edward Seidensticker, includes the long title novella and a couple of brief stories which, for all those obis and petal-dropping camellias, depict shattering relationships between older men and younger women. In his introduction to the book the popular Japanese writer Yukio Mishima appreciatively notes that Kawabata's prose is like "a submarine in which people are trapped and the air is gradually disappearing," a poetic way of indicating the tightness of construction, the concentration of significant detail.

These are also characteristics of Mishima's writing. In his novel *Forbidden Colors* (Avon, $1.25) a young man fleeing a loveless marriage is taken up by an urbane homosexual.

Also noted: *The Love Object* (Bantam, 95¢) offers some stories by Edna

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O'Brien, and for those who know her writing not much more needs to be said. She's Irish and funny and profound, and most concerned with the difficulties women experience in their involvements with men. Joyce Carol Oates described her *Expensive People* (Crest, 95¢) as a novel about "the social and economic life in America, combined with unusually sensitive—and hopefully representative—young men and women who confront the puzzle of American life in different ways and come to different ends." To the reader it's a nightmare about suburban types who murder each other with the good things of life.

Sporting Life

This being the baseball season, we lead off with *My Turn at Bat* (Pocket Books, 95¢), subtitled "The Story of My Life," by Ted Williams as told to John Underwood. Williams, who may well have been the greatest hitter that ever lived, was the last man to hit over .400 (which, I gather, is very good indeed), and he achieved this in spite of the interruptions of World War II and the Korean War, in which he served as a Marine pilot. Williams was always a controversial figure, feuding with sports writers and fans. The Splendid Splinter was also the splendid spitter. All this and more, including the opinions of other players, are recorded with directness and honesty, and the book, which is illustrated with photographs, is a beaut.

There has been a rash of books on the New York Mets, those unlikely rulers of the baseball world, but Jimmy Breslin's *Can't Anybody Here Play This Game?* (Ballantine, 95¢) got there first. Breslin's book is about the Mets' first year, which was as incredible in its ineptness as their latest season was in its success.

The Book of Tennis (Grosset & Dunlap, $1.95), prepared by the editors of *World Tennis* magazine and Cornel Lumiere, should be a real help, both in its text and illustrations—especially for beginners who need to know how to grip the racket or how to make a stop volley. The title *The Bogey Man* (Avon, $1.25), by George Plimpton, is of course a pun on the author's inadequate golf game. But once again the "paper lion" has gone into the locker room and onto the green to tell us how it feels to compete with the best and what the champs are really like.

This is as good a place as any to mention Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes* (Ballantine, 95¢), which happens to be almost a novel and almost about sports. Partly it concerns the author's obsession with the New York Giants a few years back, when Frank Gifford used to catch Charlie Conerly's passes while Andy Robustelli crushed *their* quarterbacks. But those immortal Giants are viewed through the extraordinarily distorting prism of Exley's sensibilities as he works out, in fiction, his own semi-alcoholic life and that of his father, the peerless athlete of Watertown, New York.

Some People

Norman Thomas wrote *The Great Dissenters* (Norton, $1.95) shortly after the McCarthy era, when dissent—indeed, even public disagreement—was at a minimum. "Against this dull, yet dangerous conformity," said Thomas, "one must insist that heresy has always been the growing point of society; that our body politic always needs its Socratic gadflies, and that it forgets, disregards or suppresses its dissenters, past or present, at its peril." The dissenters Thomas selected for his book are those whose bold opinions changed the thinking of the world; they include Socrates, Galileo, Tom Paine, abolitionist Wendell Phillips, and Mahatma Gandhi.

Oriana Fallaci is a modern Nelly Bly. In search of subjects for her articles, which appear in international magazines, Italian-born Miss Fallaci travels to Saigon, Paris, New York. *The Egotists* (Tempo, 95¢) presents a series of profiles in purringly catty prose about some of the great (most of whom turned out to be not-so-great), such as Jeanne Moreau in an interview about love and marriage (she prefers the first to the last), bullfighter El Cordobés, Mary Hemingway, Federico Fellini, and H. Rap Brown ("To ask him for a coherent answer," she comments, "is like asking a hemophiliac for blood").

John H. Davis's *The Bouviers* (Avon, $1.25) attracted a good deal of attention when it was first published in hardcover. Clearly a lot of people have a lot of curiosity about Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis. This family history, written by Mrs. Onassis's cousin, goes back to the early nineteenth century when the first Bouviers came to the U.S. from France, which means that a lot of time is spent on genealogy before one even catches a glimpse of the present-day Bouviers.

Ernest John Knapton's *Empress Josephine* (Penguin, $1.95) follows the career of the young Martinique-born widow whom Napoleon Bonaparte married and made Empress of the French. It's highly readable and unromanticized (she had bad teeth). Josephine is depicted as a woman who preferred the elegant simplicity of Malmaison to the splendors of the Tuileries. Divorced against her will, she died in seclusion in 1814 at the age of fifty-one.

The Diary of Nina Kosterina (Avon, 75¢), translated from the Russian by Mirra Ginsburg, begins in 1936, when its author, then a fifteen-year-old girl, started recording what happened to her and her family during those dark Stalinist days. She continued writing her journal for five years, until she joined the partisans who were fighting the Germans. In 1941 Nina was killed in action. The diary was first published in the USSR in 1962 in the monthly *Novy Mir*. The translator adds an ironic footnote: Nina Kosterina's father, a journalist, was expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union in 1967 for signing protests against the persecution of other Russian writers.

"Our story centers in an island, not so widely sundered from the Continent," begins Winston S. Churchill's *The Island Race* (Grosset & Dunlap, $5.95), a large, handsome edition of Timothy Barker's abridgment of the four-volume *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples*. Here then are the British, from 55 B.C., when Julius Caesar tried to bring these "Northern Barbarians" under Roman rule, down through the reigns of the Henrys, the first Elizabeth, the Jameses, and the Georges—centuries of growth culminating in Victoria's reign and the expansion of industry. Each page is colorfully illustrated with maps, photographs, or portraits, which, together with the sonorous text, re-create the grandeur of Great Britain's past.

—Photograph of Queen Victoria, Empress of India (1887).

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"Raymonda" (Act III divertissements) with Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev—"always delightful."

—Ron Protas.

Monica Mason in "Giselle"—dances the Queen of the Wilis "brilliantly."

More Royal Dancing

CAPSULE CRITICISMS—Further comments on Britain's Royal Ballet now ending a six-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House:

In *La Bayadère,* twenty-eight girls in white, as Shadows from the underworld, moved in impeccable sequence down a ramp to fill the entire stage in Petipa's unequaled pattern for full corps. The Royal Dancers, for the first time, matched the artists of the Kirov Ballet in this unforgettable scene. Dame Margot Fonteyn, as the spirit of the heroine, was all coolness and superb elegance of balletic line; and Rudolf Nureyev, the living in search of his slain beloved, was all fire and passion and, of course, breathtaking virtuosity. Striking performances, too, by Monica Mason, Deanne Bergsma, and Georgina Parkinson as super-Shadows. (Music is by Minkus.)

Nureyev, who staged *Bayadère* so tastefully, also staged Act III of Petipa's *Raymonda.* The dances and solo variations to the Glazounov music are always delightful, and Nureyev has arranged especially effective passages for Fonteyn and himself.

The two—Fonteyn and Nureyev, that is—were marvelous in the old, sweetly romantic *Giselle.* What style! What polish! And presence, the mark of the real star—and in this, no one in the Royal Ballet can match them. Merle Park, at another performance, danced the title role—"competent," I think, best describes her. Anthony Dowell, so dashing and endearing when he dances with the lovely Antoinette Sibley, was a weak, diffident, and foppish Albrecht for Miss Park. The Misses Bergsma and Mason both dance the Queen of the Wilis brilliantly, with Bergsma displaying the most flawless *bourrées,* like strands of pearls.

And if Dowell left much to be desired in this season's interpretation of Albrecht, there should be nothing but praise for his ardent, sensitive, virile portrayal of the tragic lover in Kenneth MacMillan's *Romeo and Juliet.* Miss Sibley, combining sweetness with willfulness in a characterization which grew from innocent girlhood to radiant womanhood, was a superb Juliet. The two together were wholly believable, utterly irresistible.

The Royal Ballet also offered the American premiere of *Ropes of Time,* choreographed by the Dutch Rudi van Dantzig to an electronic score by Jan Boerman and with striking (and mobile) décor by Toer van Schyak. It is nothing more than a nonclassical vehicle for the other Rudi (Nureyev), but as such it is less than serviceable—not modern but "moderne."

In brief: A delightful performance by Diana Vere as the amorous, mischief-making heroine of Sir Frederick Ashton's contemporary restaging of the very old *La fille mal gardée;* Ann Jenner as another mischievous heroine in another old comedy-classic, *Coppélia;* Leslie Edwards funny or regal or touching in a number of mime roles; Gerd Larsen, superb female mime, especially as the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* and as the Mother in *Giselle;* Sibley and Dowell, who reinvested Sir Frederick Ashton's *Daphnis and Chloë* with the life it had lost through lesser performers. And, may I say it again, the consummate artistry of two of the century's most wondrous dancers, Fonteyn and Nureyev, has brought twentieth-century sorcery this season to an ancient art.

ALICIA MARKOVA, Commander of the Order of the British Empire, Dame of the Order of the British Empire, and one of the great prima ballerinas of the twentieth century, will soon answer to the title of "Madame Professor." At sixty, Dame Alicia begins the third phase of a remarkable life. In 1963, she retired from a dancing career that spanned her childhood debut as "the miniature Pavlova," the latter part of the Diaghilev Ballets Russes era, as star and predecessor to Dame Margot Fonteyn of what is today's Royal Ballet, and her conquest of America in the Forties and Fifties. In 1963, she became director of ballet at the Metropolitan Opera, resigning from that post in 1969. This fall she will assume duties as Distinguished Lecturer on Ballet at the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, home of the Cincinnati Ballet headed by the gifted and far-sighted David McLain. Said Dame Alicia, hailed as one of the great Giselles of all time, "In addition to my work in Cincinnati, I shall be free to do other things—to lecture, to coach, to choreograph—both here and abroad. One is regenerated, is he not, by constantly going out to new challenges? But Cincinnati has started me off on a new and different chapter in my life." Said the University of Cincinnati in its Award of Distinction presented to her April 30, 1970: "In recognition of her major influence on the development of international ballet in the twentieth century." Replied Dame Alicia, "I can think of nothing nicer than to receive an award like this for something that one has really enjoyed doing." And with her thanks, she presented to the university "the crown I wore in the last act of *The Sleeping Beauty.*" Part I of a phenomenal dance career had found a new home in Phase III.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Mercadante's "Giuramento" at the Juilliard Theater

FOR THE FINAL offering of the inaugural season of opera at the Juilliard Theater, which had opened with Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, the American Opera Center turned its attention backward to Saverio Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* of the 1830s and thereby posed more questions than were answered. Foremost among them was the primary consideration: Was it worthwhile to liberate from the library shelves the work of a composer whose apogee as well as perigee was restricted to the years 1830-1850?

To this the answer had to be a resounding "Yes"—which, in itself, qualified the venture as a success. Mercadante, one can read in the history books, was a figure of artistic confluence, who took in a substantial part of the artistic energy of his time and channeled it forward—only to have someone else profit from the impulse thus released. What he received was generated by Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti; and the someone else who profited most greatly thereby was Giuseppe Verdi. Mercadante's became a name to reckon with when *Il Giuramento* ("The Oath") was first heard at La Scala in 1837. When Verdi, after a decade of preparation and education, released the resounding thunder of *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata* between March 1851 and March 1853, Mercadante became that historic casualty of the artistic battlefield known as a "predecessor."

However, for those disinclined to take their history on faith, documentation of the process is indispensable. Sometimes it can be obtained from mechanical sources, but as Mercadante's level of inaccessibility has not yet been penetrated by the record makers, the Juilliard probe supervised with surgical skill by Bruno Maderna went very nearly to the heart of the matter.

This, it would appear by a process of assumption, extraction, and simplification, would likely be the period between 1824 and 1832, during which Mercadante bridged his transition from twenty-nine to thirty-seven by travels to Vienna, Spain, and Portugal. He also composed for Paris before he wrote *Il Giuramento*—whose dramatic complexities are exceeded only by those of *La Gioconda*, which just happens to be based on the same play of Victor Hugo—and doubtless added Meyerbeer to the operatic sources known to him.

Taken together, these source materials provide a line of descent for the breadth, sweep, and solidity of the key ensembles in *Il Giuramento* that would otherwise be unfathomable. Add to this Mercadante's skill in carrying forward a dramatic situation first exposed in an aria or solo scene through a duet, trio, or even larger ensemble and it is clear that he gave Verdi precepts to act upon. However, as Verdi commanded a line, an eloquence, a gush of melodic splendor unknown to Mercadante, it left the casualty of the artistic battlefield, if not dead, all but forgotten.

Thus the venture of the American Opera Theater (which is, in the corporate phrase, a wholly owned subsidiary of The Juilliard) was not merely worthwhile but memorable. The next series of questions ran to such considerations as: Did the solo singers derive as much benefit as the audience? Were they really qualified to undertake what they were asked to do? Would they, in the long reach of their career objectives, derive benefits to compensate for the effort expended?

From this listener's point of view, most of the answers to the foregoing would be negative. There was more bad singing, in the mere technical sense, than good. The cast of the opening evening included such people of promise as Sung Sook Lee, who rose to a remarkable expression of the difficult scene for Elaisa in the second act though her vocal future is not in such a dramatic role, and Ellen Shade, her vis-à-vis as Bianca. They were thus, in their late student phase, asked to sing music that is not a probable part of their professional future. This must, inevitably, be disquieting to those who think of education as a reasoned rather than a random process. The tenor assigned to the requirements of Viscardo was not only over his voice but over his head, likewise the impersonator of Brunoro (the names, like those of juveniles on a police blotter, are withheld for reasons of public policy). Ryan Edwards may have, in his artistic future, the capacity to be a credible Manfredo, but the kind of low range power it requires is not within his present resources.

All of this bears not so much on the consequences of one production, and a difficult one with many side benefits, but on the concept, direction, and function of The Juilliard's new operatic endeavor altogether. The theater showed, once again, that it is as functional as it is agreeable, if not exactly on the spectacle scale of *Il Giuramento*, whose scenic requirements were cleverly cared for by Ming Cho Lee. But somebody has to think through the phases of growth that must impend.

In the meantime, at the risk of providing the kind of criticism called constructive, it may be suggested that serious thought be applied toward the creation of an enlightened kind of operatic action to supplant the review course in Basic Nonsense suffered by director Tito Capobianco in *Il Giuramento*. Young people with uncommitted minds and hopeful futures were either allowed or instructed to indulge the dismal clichés of the operatic convention—raised fists, downthrust open hands, and all but beaten breasts—in a futile substitute for honest emotion. If the American Opera Center sponsored by Juilliard is to impress some kind of individual mark on the world of professional opera, it should begin by rigorously excluding these inclinations to exaggeration, vulgarity, and the commonplace it would hardly tolerate in any other musical area.

One further purpose of this enterprise should be credited on the plus side. That is the incorporation of the visual production and the ensemble elements into the forthcoming Spoleto Festival with other soloists under the direction of Thomas Schippers. If such a reciprocal arrangement can be brought to full fruition, the American Opera Theater may eventually qualify as the link between the postgraduate and the fully professional stage it is meant to be.

Loren Maazel's pursuit of orchestral excellence with the Philharmonic shifted its emphasis from his own violin playing of recent mention to the piano playing of another, but still managed to keep it in the family. The soloist in the D-major Concerto of Haydn and the Strauss *Burleske* was the Israeli-born Israela Margalit, who also is Mrs. Maazel. She also happens to be a thoroughly adept, agile, and well-schooled pianist, whose Haydn, if more precise than volatile, fulfilled a major share of the composer's requirements. She was a little overmatched, dynamically, in the *Burleske*, whose requirements, it may be remembered, were rejected by Hans von Bülow before being accepted by Eugen d'Albert. Maazel's well-wrought program began with the suite from Fauré's incidental music for Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and ended with the Sibelius Symphony No. 5.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

A Listening Ear

Campuses in Crisis: Three College Presidents Speak, a recent CBS television news special, attacked two stereotypes that have dominated public discussion: first, that the dissenting American college student is a "wild-eyed guy, with a bomb in each pocket"; and, second, the belief that television networks are corporate agents of the Establishment, and insensitive to the concerns of a university community deeply troubled by the Asian war's disastrous influence on the campuses.

The first stereotype was quietly but forcefully challenged by presidents Kingman Brewster (Yale), Father Theodore M. Hesburgh (Notre Dame), and Robben Fleming (Michigan) during a half-hour program, on which they talked with Harry Reasoner of CBS the Sunday after the recent antiwar rally in Washington, D.C. The second conception—that the television networks are impervious to student need for access to the media—was not dispelled on the program, but rather in the story of how the broadcast got on the air, and it is this development that may have even more dramatic and lasting significance.

The three college presidents did not endorse a national student strike that would last until the Vietnam-Cambodian War is ended, but they were in general, fervent agreement in their understanding of student unrest and in their sympathy for the feeling of alienation and helplessness on the campuses. Students are no longer fighting against the universities, the speakers said, they are unified with faculty and administration in a "life-and-death matter that affects the total quality of American life."

The three presidents asserted that the students believe in "ballots not bullets"; that they deeply question a "system that is not working for them"; that they have touched the conscience of the nation; and that they should be allowed to have more "input" into the national decision-making process.

The presidents' appearance was a most welcome change of pace from the usual bizarre and spectacular behavior in which many students engage in the belief that the media will pay attention to them only if they play violent roles. Even more welcome, though, was the quick response of the CBS Television Network when it was asked for time in which the college presidents could speak to parents about the crisis in American higher education. On Wednesday following the tragic shootings at Kent State University, a few administrators and faculty at the University of Pennsylvania decided to enlist the university presidents and to make the request for network time. Richard Salant, president of CBS News, was immediately receptive. By Friday evening a place had been opened in the Sunday schedule (5 p.m., E.D.T.). Mr. Reasoner had been designated and executive producer Robert Wussler assigned. CBS left the matter of theme and content to the participants and assisted in making travel plans. By Saturday morning, program promotion was under way. Student leaders were astonished that a major network had responded so quickly. It was too late to make an announcement from the rally podium in Washington, but the student ham radio network (with stations at Brandeis, California, Case Western Reserve, Vanderbilt, and New York University) began spreading the news of the coming program. Telephone calls across the country were made to rock 'n' roll stations. Happy Mother's Day calls from sons and daughters, included suggestions to watch CBS Sunday.

Switchboards of local CBS affiliates began lighting up with inquiries and questions to the presidents about the national strike proposal. CBS in New York advised its stations of the special nature of the show, and last-minute clearances were arranged. In Philadelphia, Alvin Hollander, Jr., general manager of WCAU-TV, a CBS-owned and operated station, rearranged a difficult schedule so as not to disappoint Penn students who played a special part in the program's origination. It was reported that 170 of 200 CBS stations finally carried the show. When it was over, a new feeling was present among students. The corporate "monster" had actually turned a listening ear; there was hope for student access to the media. The program was a first in broadcasting, and it signaled, perhaps, a new relationship between universities and networks, one based on effective organization, important content, understanding of network clearance problems, and a willingness of students to help build audiences. In the future, a third stereotype could be shattered—the belief that miracles are not possible.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Blacks and Whites Together

BRITISH DIRECTOR John Boorman has a reputation for making interesting failures *(Point Blank, Hell in the Pacific)*, and his latest film continues the tradition. *Leo the Last* is an imaginative and ambitious parable about black-white relationships and the gulf between rich and poor. It doesn't work very well, but at least it tries for something beyond the bounds of safe predictability.

It opens on a promisingly Shavian note. Leo, heir apparent of an obscure European principality, returns after a long absence to take up residence in the London mansion where his late father maintained a hollow government-in-exile. He is a very queer fish indeed. Living in a trancelike inner world and paying scant heed to the entourage around him (his fiancée, a conspiratorial major-domo, his unctuous doctor, an old governess), Leo spends his waking hours peering through a telescope at the passing scene outside his window. What he sees at the other end of his spyglass is also very queer. For his elegant townhouse is unaccountably situated in the midst of a sordid slum peopled chiefly by indigent blacks.

Now, Leo has a heart that bleeds profusely at the sight of misery and injustice—and there is plenty of both at his doorstep. But his alienated soul renders him impotent to redress the wrongs before his eyes. Instead, he allows himself to be the pawn of the sycophants that surround him. Bit by bit, however, Leo begins to make contact with his slum neighbors, and at the end he joins forces with them in an allegorical attack against his own household.

At Cannes, where *Leo* was shown as Britain's official entry, critics reacted unfavorably to the film's half-baked liberalism and patronizing attitudes. No doubt its view of capitalistic apathy versus the brotherhood of man is simplistic to a fault. But Boorman, as director and co-author, deserves credit for attempting to translate sociology into inventive cinema. There are times when the influence of Fellini obtrudes too insistently—close-ups of men and women in evening dress tearing away at their food, a nude bathing scene with gigantic breasts bobbing up and down, a grand finale in which the entire cast assembles before the camera—but at other times Boorman is very much his own man. He makes brilliant use of the telephoto lens in conveying Leo's voyeuristic visits to his open-windowed neighbors, and he shows a keen sense of matching color to mood.

As the ineffectual last of his princely line, Marcello Mastroianni has little to do except look helplessly effete, but he does it with considerable pathos and sensitivity.

The Landlord is another film that attempts to establish a fragile entente between the races. Again the protagonist is a white do-gooder of independent means—in this case, a mildly anti-Establishment scion of a wealthy Long Island family, played by Beau Bridges with an appealing blend of whimsy and solicitude. He apparently has been boning up on Robert Ardrey and has just exercised his territorial imperative by buying an old brownstone on one of Brooklyn's seedy black ghetto streets.

The place is full of flavorful tenants—among them a flamboyant fortune-teller (Pearl Bailey) and a sexy hairdresser (Diana Sands)—whom Beau intends to evict until he discovers that these good folk have as much right to live there as he. From time to time our hero jumps into his sporty convertible and tools back to the family estate for a good meal, a change of clothes, and another confrontation with his kooky mother (Lee Grant), but his heart really belongs to Brooklyn—and in particular to a slinky black cabaret dancer (Marki Bey) with whom he has fallen in love. It's all highly unlikely and contrived, but if you're willing to go along with it for some occasional jabs of humor provided by screenwriter Bill Gunn, the film is tolerably entertaining.

There are also glimmers of delight in *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* until it turns into yet another tedious replay of rock, pot, and psychedelic mumbo-jumbo. Stanley is one of those mixed-up college kids who have been put off formal education by the technocratic impersonality of it all and instead are learning about life at the grass-roots level. Since Stanley goes to school in New York City, the opportunities for this kind of enlightenment are legion. Don Johnson plays him with a good deal of likable charm, and the girls he beds down with are suitably groovy. Better not think about the folks back home who are scrimping and saving to put him through college.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

South to Spring—III

ON THE KIND of spring day that must have driven hundreds of little Virginians to truancy, my sister and I headed out of the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Blue Ridge at Rockfish Gap on our way southeast to the Tidewater. We dawdled in midmorning at the Rockfish Gap Country Store on the eastern side of the mountains, poking through an accumulation of merchandise that seemed to have been produced everywhere but in the Old Dominion itself.

We did find shelves of jams and jellies made from local fruit, and Miriam recognized the handiwork of Berea (Kentucky) College Student Industries, whose handsome fireplace brooms hung from the front porch of the spacious two-story frame building. The second-floor Basket Loft was piled high with the straw artistry of Central Europe. The Polish laundry baskets looked too smart to carry Monday's wash. Our own homeland, Minnesota, was represented by a wooden keg of "Genuine Beer Shampoo with real hops for more body and life to your hair."

We found spring deeper in bloom on the road into Charlottesville, a well preserved eighteenth-century city that produced Thomas Jefferson and the Albemarle pippin, Queen Victoria's favorite apple. The season lags a bit in the valley, hemmed in as it is by the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies, but here in the gentle hills of Albemarle County, near the center of Virginia, pink and white dogwood were a week or so ahead, and the air already breathed a hint of summer. We had lunch in The Library, a pleasant restaurant with shelves of law books along one wall and old newspapers behind glass. In a state dedicated to feeding and sheltering tourists on the very premises patronized by our colonial forefathers, it was noteworthy to eat in a restaurant less than a year-and-a-half old. The menu, titled "Table of Contents," offered sandwiches by such names as the Huck Finn, the Moby Dick, the David Copperfield, the Tom Jones, and Tom Jones at His Best, the last adding a slice of Swiss cheese to a "lusty, immortal, original, old-fashioned hamburger."

We got to talking with the waiter, a gentle, mustached man in his twenties who spoke of starting a community—he was careful not to call it a commune—with friends in Nova Scotia this summer. "We don't like the connotation that the word commune has with many people," he said.

Jefferson's Monticello sits atop a plateau three miles southeast of Charlottesville, commanding a view in all directions of a countryside remarkably undamaged in the century and a half since his death. Although recognized as a classic of American architecture and one of Virginia's most elegant plantation estates, Monticello somehow doesn't cut the same graceful, elongated figure that adorns the back side of the American nickel. I say this in defense of the original. Jefferson the architect, who started on the house in 1770 and didn't finish until 1809, seemed to be aiming more for function than elegance, and indeed every slope, every corner has a purpose.

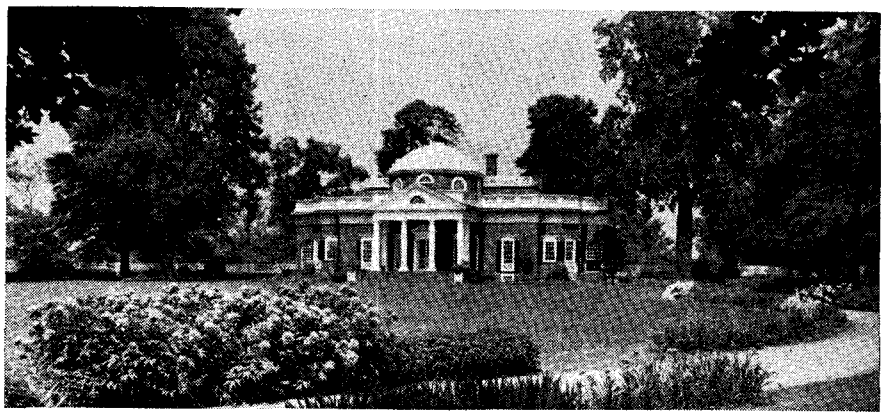
In the main hall, often called the Museum because it housed Jefferson's collection of curiosities, a clock sits above the front doors telling not only the hour but the day of the week by means of a string of six cannonballs that descend a nearby wall several feet with each passing day. When Jefferson, who assisted in designing this craziest of clocks, ran out of space on the wall for Saturday, he cut a hole in the floor so the day could be marked on the basement wall beneath. That left the matter of climbing up to wind the clock each Sunday morning, a hurdle he overcame by building a special ladder that would fold into a pole in the corner when not in use.

Oddly absent from the hall is a main staircase to the second and third floors. Apparently striving for privacy and economy of space, Jefferson built a series of narrow twenty-four-inch steps, steep and winding, from the basement to the top floor. One puzzles at the image of Jefferson, six feet, two inches tall, and his family negotiating the stairways, an act considered too tough for the flocks of tourists who are shepherded through Monticello every day. The guides thus confine the tour to the main floor, although visitors are free to roam the flowering grounds and a network of outbuildings—laundry, smokehouse, dairy, stable, etc.—which Jefferson hid from view beneath twin wood terraces that extend from the main house like the decks of a ship.

Monticello claims a number of American architectural firsts: the first skylight, the first parquet floor, the first combination revolving table, chair, and chaise longue. All the beds except his own—in which he died on July 4, 1826—are built into alcoves. Carved out of the walls to create more space within the rooms, the beds give the illusion of being too short—but in fact are six feet, three inches long. You wonder how the beds, surrounded by wall on three sides, were made up each day. No doubt Jefferson had a way.

We lolled on the terrace, drinking in the breezes aflutter on Jefferson's hill. A turkey vulture hovered over the valley, suspended in the clear sky like a black kite.

Another Jefferson legacy is the University of Virginia, which he designed and founded in Charlottesville in 1819. Its red brick with white trim, broad lawns smoother than golf fairways, and gnarled, spreading trees cast UVA as the prototypal campus. Judging from the shaggy haircuts, Levi-and-tee-shirted fashions, and Frisbee-sailing ennui, the old traditions are waning. Students no longer have to wear coats and ties to class. On one corner of the campus a few underclassmen were rigging up a sort of jungle gym to which they had hung a sign, CITY DUMP, and an assortment of tin cans and other refuse. They were preparing



Jefferson's Monticello—"commanding a view in all directions of a countryside remarkably undamaged in the century and a half since his death."

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to salute Earth Day, the following day.

Brick walls snake their way through the campus, giving rise to the speculation that an earthquake or a drunken bricklayer had done the work. Again, Jefferson is responsible. He designed the serpentine walls, the thickness of a single brick, for strength and charm.

We drove on to Richmond, which stands at the western edge of the Tidewater, the low-lying seaboard region that was dominated by a slaveholding aristocracy until the Civil War. There remain a half-dozen plantations south and east of Richmond, some functioning merely as museums, others still operating and turning out small crops, minus the slaves. On the way to Williamsburg, we stopped at Berkeley Plantation, built by Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the birthplace of William Henry Harrison, ninth president of the United States.

Abandoned a century ago, the plantation fell to ruin until a Scottish-born American bought the crumbling houses and 1,400 acres in the 1920s. His son, Malcolm Jamieson, lives on the second floor of the restored main house, while tourists prowl the first floor, a crafts shop, and the terraced garden, from 8 to 5 o'clock. Jamieson, his wife, and grown son share the tasks of raising wheat, barley, and corn and keeping sheep. When a visitor calls, the boss gets into a coat and tie and strolls the grounds with the quiet pride of an ante-bellum plantation owner.

He led us over five terraces that step down a quarter mile to the James River. When he first came to Berkeley in 1929 as a boy to start working summers, there were only five trees on the grounds; now dogwood, bayberry, and boxwood are spreading down to the water. Berkeley lays claim to sundry historical precedents, including: the first Thanksgiving (preceding by two years the Mayflower event); the first American bourbon, concocted by an Episcopal minister from corn and maize; the oldest three-story home in America with a definite date of origin (1726); the scene of Count Zeppelin's first flight. Jamieson showed us a stone shrine, financed by a local veterans' organization, to commemorate the first playing of "Taps" in 1862 when General McClellan's Union forces were encamped on the James. At the press of a button a voice comes out of a Virginia cedar to relate the background of the song. Then the melancholy notes pour forth, answered by an echoing bugle. This tradition, says the voice, began one evening when a Confederate bugler stationed across the river picked up the tune and played it back.

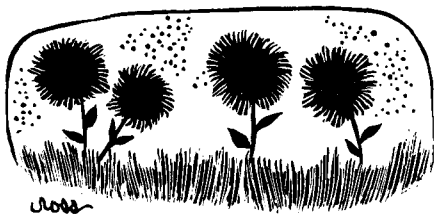
At water's edge Jamieson recalled a time long ago when he could drink straight from the river. Now, on Earth Day, the water was a murky brown and gave off a fetid smell. Upstream, the chimneys of Hopewell — one of Virginia's largest chemical-producing cities—were discoloring the April sky with ashen clouds.

Jamieson showed us the plantation graveyard that is being dug up in an effort to find the remains of Benjamin Harrison. The stone marking his grave was stolen after the Civil War by Baltimore citizens who used to range far and wide to find the proper building materials for their front stoops. Jamieson, however, is optimistic about his chances of uncovering the missing casket. "He was a big man—six feet, four inches and 300 pounds; he shouldn't be hard to find."

In summer Jamieson hires schoolboys to mow his considerable lawn—work that would have been done 150 years ago by part of the 110-man slave force. He is quick to point out, as a sort of mitigating circumstance, that five of the slaves were white men, one a Scot who had been freed from a debtors' prison in exchange for his labors. "That kind of eases the tension around here," Jamieson said, "because this county (Charles City) has about ninety-two per cent colored. We work along very well with them, you know."

Williamsburg, an hour's drive east of Berkeley, draws hordes of tourists in any season. On a school day in late April, the colonial restoration was abuzz with families, couples young and old, and groups of students on field trips. We boarded a bus at the Information Center and squeezed our way off at the fourth stop to have lunch at Christiana Campbell's Tavern, a place in Washington's time "where all the best people resorted." It was past two o'clock, but the tavern was packed and a dozen customers were waiting their turn on the front porch. With a half-hour to kill, we started down Duke of Gloucester Street, the main drag of the $81-million Rockefeller project. There was something misplaced about the first house on the block, as though an element of Victoriana had been injected into the colonial splendor. Its beige frame walls were neatly painted, but the irregular lines, the front porch with rocking chairs, the GUESTS sign above the door indicated we had found one of the last remaining structures the foundation has been unable to take over.

An old woman answered my knock. She said the five guest rooms were being remodeled; a single would rent for $5, a double for as low as $6—rates that undercut Williamsburg's motel-style accommodations by $15 or $20. "Oh, this house is decidedly Victorian,"



she replied to my question. "It was built in the last part of the nineteenth century; it's been in the family the whole time. And we're not about to sell. We have to have a place to live."

We concentrated on Williamsburg's crafts shops, passing up the eleven exhibition buildings, most of them colonial residences, which charge an entrance fee and draw longer, slower-moving lines. The woman in charge of the Barber and Peruke Maker delivered perhaps the best spiel. Her heavy horn-rimmed glasses and vaguely urban accent detracted from her colonial appearance, but the audience of mostly schoolchildren—and at least two graduates—was entranced by the demonstration of eighteenth-century wig wearing. She said white wigs were worn for formal occasions, chestnut for everyday use. "George Washington never wore a wig, but Thomas Jefferson had many of them. He was always experimenting."

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

A Panorama of Nineteenth-Century America

NINETEENTH-CENTURY American art when seen en masse can be a bore or a delight depending on the audience and the works involved. Ideally, the viewer should have some previous knowledge of the period, for where our native art is concerned, tolerance results less from final standards than from an understanding of the sources, interrelationships, and difficulties that produced this art. The show currently at the Metropolitan Museum in New York is a triumphant compendium of wit, history, genuine quality, naïveté, and local color. Carefully chosen, beautifully installed, and accompanied by two first-rate catalogues, the exhibition called "Nineteenth-Century America" juxtaposes lesser known, sometimes superior works with long familiar favorites that vacillate between excellence and mediocrity. One senses, decade by decade, how life was lived in nineteenth-century America, for this survey is both a gratifying esthetic experience and a social commentary of broad dimensions. Painting, sculpture, glass, and other decorative arts cover a culture that included Louis C. Tiffany and Frank Lloyd Wright, Raphaelle Peale and John Singer Sargent, Hiram Powers and Frederic Remington, plus all the other contrasting and supplementary personalities who gave the 1800s their special character in the United States.

Somehow the exhibition saddened me. I felt a sense of loss, a nostalgia for the innocent America we have irrevocably abandoned or, should I say, that has irrevocably abandoned us. Often benignly literal and uncompromisingly honest, the best of the paintings are a graphic record of the sturdiness, self-reliance, and trust that characterized life in the earlier years of the century. Later, in the final decades, the influence of French Impressionism was strong, but never strong enough to wean the Americans away from a certain primness. Theirs was not a sensuous art. Particularly moving are the numerous romantic landscapes that describe a still unspoiled terrain waiting to be explored; also the portraits invested with stability and permanence. Even trivial genre scenes recall a rational world.

—*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

Vase by Tiffany & Company

In the Metropolitan's comprehensive panorama of the century, certain idiosyncrasies repeat themselves. Portraits of men, as a rule, were more searching than those of women, possibly because male sitters were less concerned with flattering images, possibly because women had scarcely emerged as public figures. What could be greater proof than the show itself? Among the ninety-odd painters included, Mary Cassatt is the sole representative of her sex. An emphasis on unvarnished honesty was scarcely an idiosyncrasy, but it was the backbone of nineteenth-century American painting. Take Rembrandt Peale's portrait of his seventeen-year-old brother Rubens, a remarkably realistic likeness of a young man with weak eyes who not only wears spectacles but holds an extra pair in his hands. The picture, painted with crisp authority, softens no single fact of life. Or take *Samuel Coates* by Thomas Sully. Although at times this artist turned out artificial likenesses of ladies, his portrait of the Quaker merchant from Philadelphia is memorable for its direct integrity. Only an American would have handled the subject so simply, so without flourish or foible, and this despite Sully's years in London and his respect for English portraiture.

Humor also was important, although rarely subtle. Sometimes unintentional, sometimes ironic, often heavy-handed, it permeates the work of such artists as Quidor, Mount, Browere, Edmonds, Woodville, Blythe, and Vedder—the last an unwitting wit as evidenced by his endearing, if ridiculous, *Questioner of the Sphinx*. Except for Quidor, who occasionally was an inspired satirist, most of these artists approached humor via the obvious anecdote. Were I to level one criticism against the show, it would be this overabundance of genre paintings, some of which, to be sure, are amusing but too often merely simple-minded. It comes as something of a shock to realize that Daumier was producing his biting lampoons in France at the same time Americans like Woodville were painting their provincial little jokes. In retrospect, the chasm dividing the two cultures

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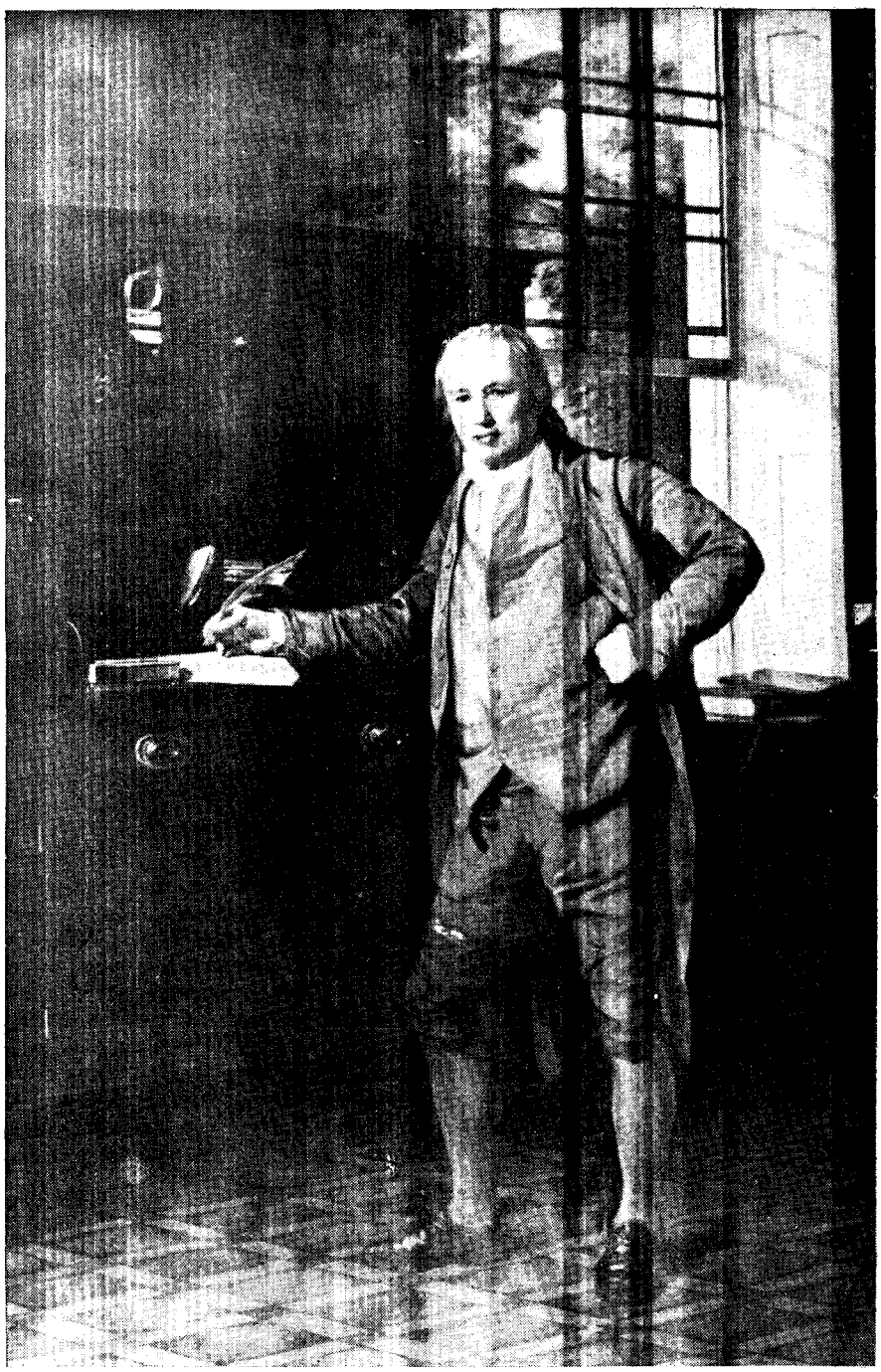
seems wider than the ocean between them.

Although nineteenth-century American paintings could rarely compete with French ones, they were not overshadowed everywhere in Europe. There are unexpected parallels between the United States and Russia. Differing only in the local customs depicted, quaint genre scenes much like ours were immensely popular during the nineteenth century in Russia (and, alas, on a more vulgar level still are, as reflected in Socialist Realist aggrandized imitations). Perhaps the funniest American picture in the show was painted in Germany by Emmanuel Leutze, who is considered an American despite his long stay in Düsseldorf. *Washington Crossing the Delaware* has all the bombast and ludicrous overstatement one finds in equally theatrical Russian and Polish historical canvases of the same period.

But the best American paintings from the first half of the last century were less tied to European influence. The more American, the more unpretentious their format, the greater their validity. The elegance of English portraiture lost its inbred urbanity when exposed to the rigors of a raw young country, and languid memories of Greece and Italy were scarcely relevant. John Vanderlyn can pall with his superficial derivations from Renaissance and classical sources, but more robust contemporaries, such as Samuel Morse and the Peales, although rarely immune from European influence (what nineteenth-century American artist was?), were free enough to develop their own authentic styles. They saw America not in terms of foreign stereotypes, not as a pseudosophisticated upstart, but as a new adventure that demanded new thinking. The sober dignity of such canvases as Morse's *Old House of Representatives* and Charles Willson Peale's *Exhuming the Mastodon* set the pace for an indigenous frankness that was to persist for many years.

As I went through the show, I asked myself if anyone other than an American would find it as absorbing as I did. The answer is probably no, for much of the exhibition is closely tied in with our own history. Full enjoyment of many works, especially those by minor artists, requires an understanding of local mores. Yet, there is no question that a number of paintings at the Metropolitan could hold their own in distinguished company anywhere. And these deserve special mention.

Two canvases tower above all the others. *After the Bath* by Raphaelle Peale is an undeniable masterpiece. Its ingenuous handling of an unconventional theme, its bold design, and its consummate technique put it in a class with fine seventeenth-century Northern European still lifes and even with Magritte's modern Surrealism. No less impressive is Thomas Eakins's *Gross Clinic*, a painting of such profundity as to rank it with the greatest, regardless of time or place. One thinks immediately of Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson*, which undoubtedly influenced Eakins, but the American was able to avoid enslavement. His intensely recorded portraits, his unorthodox composition, his undeviating involvement with *the* decisive moment are all very much his own. The color is dark, somber. Not a single concession to sentiment mars the picture's objectivity. Painted in 1875 for Philadelphia's centennial, the canvas was denied proper installation because of its relentless probity.



–*Philadelphia Hospital, Philadelphia.*

"Samuel Coates" by Thomas Sully, 1812

Another picture that could hang in international company without apology is Thomas Cole's *The Oxbow*—a wide, spacious view of the Connecticut River with a moody sky, a stormy foreground, and a sunlit valley. There on a hill sits the painter himself, a tiny figure near a large, unopened umbrella, the latter a bit of practical Americana. Except for *The Oxbow*, Cole does not emerge, however, as the giant I have always considered him. Something counterfeit in his extravagant symbolism becomes slightly suspect.

Surprisingly, Cole's pupil, Frederic Church, stands up better, although he

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was no less extravagant. Two of his large canvases, *Niagara* and *Cotopaxi*, do more than portray specific scenes; they are philosophic comments on the phenomena of nature, on the grandeur and power of rioting water and boiling clouds. George Caleb Bingham's *Fur Traders Descending the Missouri* also transcends its subject to become a silent lyrical celebration of a half-wild, still expanding country. Here it is the utter purity and joy in the land itself that touch us. There are other paintings that could happily survive European exposure. Whistler's famous *Portrait of Thomas Carlyle* habitually does. It belongs to the Glasgow Art Gallery and is one of two pictures among the more than 170 on exhibit that come from abroad.

Why nineteenth-century American painting completely outclassed sculpture of the same period is an interesting question. Almost without exception artists who worked in stone, usually marble, based their carvings on classical themes totally unrelated to the New World. These posturing figures, although skillfully executed, indicated a growing bourgeois society intent on symbols of prestige. And what could have been more prestigious than these simpering white nudes and mythological figures gracefully (and absurdly) removed from any semblance of life's nitty-gritty realities? Bronze sculpture, as a rule, attitudinized less, but was so unrelievedly detailed that it often seemed closer to literary chronicle than to metal.

Certain decorative arts of nineteenth-century America were more vigorous than the sculpture. For my money, the most exciting three-dimensional objects are found in the Tiffany rooms. There a madly exuberant punch bowl ornamented with lapping waves recalls the lavishness of Irish design, if not in form at least in feeling. Another opulent object—an enameled silver vase—was created by Tiffany and Company during the last decade of the century. Flowers, plants, leaves, .and scrolls turn this *art nouveau* container into an exotic emblem of America's accelerating wealth. If these prodigious fantasies sometimes exceeded credibility, at least they were never boring, never sterile like their marble counterparts.

Any American curious about his roots should not bypass this show.

—*Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City.*

"After the Bath" by Raphaelle Peale, 1823

Book Forum

Continued from page 27

sin "always dragged out and cited as the cause of the whole refugee problem." It is only the most widely known of the terrorist attacks on Arab villages. Christopher Sykes—who, in spite of his disgust at the excesses of Zionist propaganda, is sympathetic toward Zionism and Israel—mentions terrorist tactics used not by Irgun or the Stern Gang but by Haganah in attacks on Khissass, Sassa, and Katamon. Denunciations and disavowals of the Deir Yassin massacre by Ben-Gurion, the Jewish Agency, and Haganah have, in context, the ring of hypocrisy. "We have decided to vomit them out of our midst," Ben-Gurion had earlier announced of the terrorists, but it was never done. From 1945 Irgun, the Sternists, and Haganah worked in collaboration, and a new accord between Irgun and Haganah was ratified by the Zionist General Council the day a Red Cross representative made the Deir Yassin facts public. Massive Yishuv rejection of terrorism was hardly shown by the prompt election of both Stern chief Nathan Friedman-Yellin and Irgun commander Menachem Begin to the Knesset, where Begin has forthrightly advocated Israeli expansion at Arab expense ever since.

Too easily forgotten is the fact that the partition of Palestine in 1948 was only a further step in the indefensible partition of Syria in 1920. During the Mandate, a massive Zionist invasion of Palestine was accomplished behind British guns, and it is a strained and partial moral view that has condemned the indigenous population for resisting and fighting, however ineptly, to forestall and later to reverse the fate that did in fact befall them.

GERALD PEARCE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Purpose Distorted

ALTHOUGH ERIC LINCOLN SAW FIT to write a few words about my book, *Justice, Justice: A Jewish View of the Black Revolution* [*SR*, Feb. 28], he concluded: "One puts the book down feeling that the black-Jewish story is yet to be told." Naturally! As the preface indicates, it was not intended as a definitive work on black-Jewish relations but as the basis for a course of eight to sixteen sessions for Jewish high school students or young adults. One would hope that the book would be evaluated in terms of its purpose.

(Rabbi) HENRY COHEN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Vía láctea

IN YOUR REVIEW of Alejo Carpentier's new book, *War of Time* [*SR*, Mar. 21], *el camino de Santiago* ("the highroad of Saint James") is said to be the Spanish phrase for the Milky Way. Let me point out that this is the grossest of slang expressions. The correct Spanish for the Milky Way is *Via láctea* or, better still, *Galaxia*.

OLGA-RITA DAVISON,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

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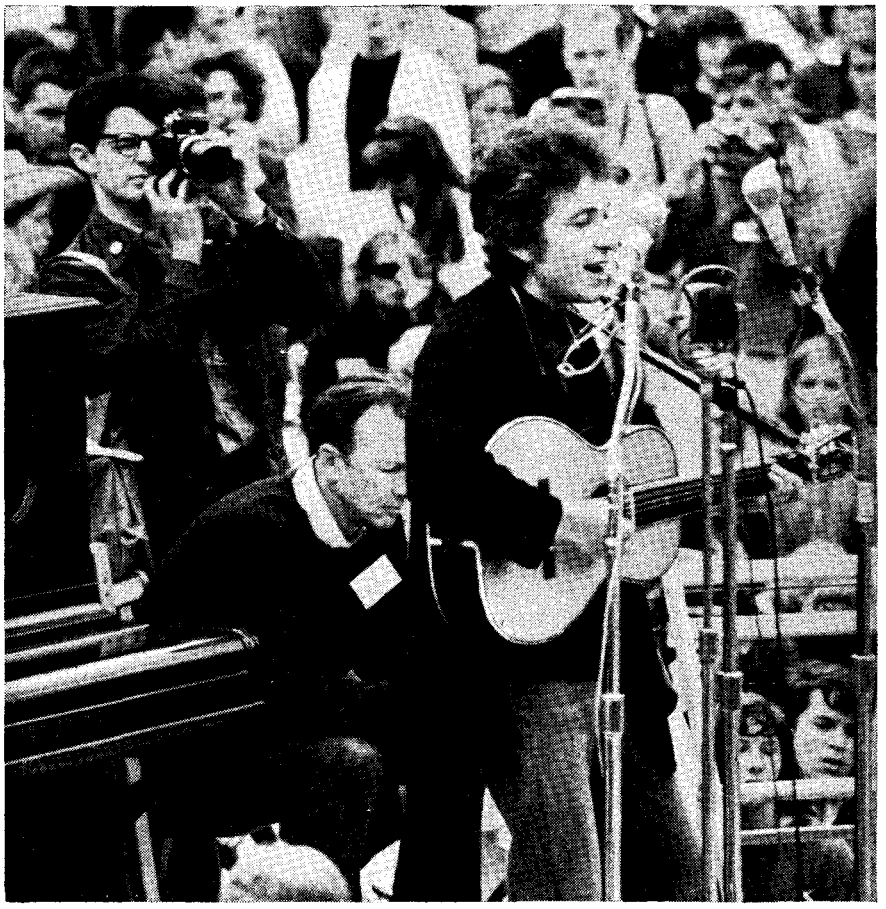

—Jim Marshall.

Bob Dylan in California—"It is difficult to imagine . . . any poet more capable of speaking to his given time than is Dylan. . . ." (At left, Pete Seeger.)

BOB DYLAN AND THE POETRY OF SALVATION

by STEVEN GOLDBERG

We don't have many wise men left, you know. We have seen our incredible confidence and our surfeit of intelligence lead us only to loneliness and rationalization. We are able to be so much, yet we are so little able to understand what it is we are supposed to be. We are learning to run faster and faster. Into the abyss. And we are leaving behind the few who might give us a hint of what to do when we get there.

Like the rest of us, Bob Dylan faces a universe that science discovers to be more and more a deterministic unity no part of which has meaning without reference to every other part. To the dispossessed this universe seems to be inhabited not by free agents in a world of free will, but by the living, irrelevant effects of an infinite number of causes. To a man who yearns for meaning, the thought that life is merely playing out directions imprinted before birth, or given in childhood, or decreed by an alien society, is intolerable unless it is a part of a master plan. The songs of Bob Dylan, a few of them, speak of such a master plan.

Bob Dylan is a mystic. His importance lies not in the perversion of his words into a politicism he ridicules as irrelevant or in the symbols that once filled the lesser social protest songs of his late adolescence. His only relevance is that, in a world which has lost faith that it is infused with godliness, he sings of a transcendent reality that makes it all make sense again.

The mystical experience is, by its very nature, indescribable. Dylan's genius is that he is able to give us some clues. I can merely attempt to state a few of the implications of mysticism in an effort to indicate the basic underpinning of Dylan's songs.

The mystic has always seen what science is now beginning to see: All distinction is illusory. Man's mental dissection of reality into different things, even the very separation of his mind into thoughts, results from his viewing only an artificial division of the One. With this in mind, one can appreciate that the mystical truth that "life is pain" is not in the slightest nihilistic, but an acknowledgment that all the separate joys that this world has to offer contain the basic pain of our seeming separation from the One. Only the mystical experience, an experience which I believe pervades all that Dylan has written in the past six years, can overcome that basic pain. Only in the

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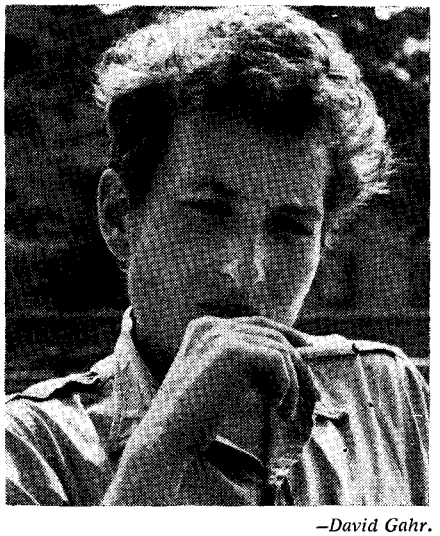
life that is illuminated by the afterglow of this experience is there the possibility of salvation.

Salvation means many things in Dylan's songs. On one level it is the conquest of guilt, ambition, impatience, and all the other obsessive states of egotistic confusion in which we set ourselves apart from the natural flow of things. On another it is the supremely free flight of the will. On still another it is faith, an acceptance of a transcendent, omnipresent godhead without which we are lost.

This is why Dylan merits our most serious attention. For he stands at the vortex: When the philosophical, psychological, and scientific lines of thought are followed to the point where each becomes a cul-de-sac, as logic without faith eventually must, Dylan is there to sing his songs. Perhaps it is only at a time like ours that anyone will listen. For a man who sees his life as satisfactorily defined by the terms of his society will have no need to roam that border area which, while it does hold his salvation, also threatens him with madness. The cynic and the atheist, who see such a need as escapist rationalization, fail to see that necessity is also the mother of discovery. We have all always been out on the street, but it is only at a time like this that any great number of us are sufficiently troubled to realize it.

The Dylan songs that are most commonly discussed are the early ruminations such as "Blowin' in the Wind" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'," whose simple-mindedness allows instant comprehension. It was not until 1964, when he wrote "Lay Down Your Weary Tune" and "My Back Pages," that Dylan gave indication that he was about ready to discard the security which one can find in symbols. Where he had formerly seen his own identity in the terms of the civil rights struggle, he now ridicules professors who taught that "liberty is just equality in school."



—*David Gahr.*

The Young Dylan (1963).

It was at this point that Dylan was preparing to become an artist in the Zen sense; he was searching for the courage to release his grasp on all the layers of distinctions that give us meaning, but, by virtue of their inevitably setting us apart from the life-flow, preclude our salvation. All such distinctions, from petty jealousies and arbitrary cultural values to the massive, but ultimately irrelevant, confusions engendered by psychological problems, all the endless repetitions that those without faith grasp in order to avoid their own existence — all of these had to be released. The strength, the faith, necessary for this release was to be a major theme of Dylan's for the next three years. In "Mr. Tambourine Man," an invocation to his muse, he seeks the last bit of will necessary for such strength.

In "Gates of Eden" Dylan is well into his own parade. He has found his mystical fixed point and is attempting to illuminate it. As is the case with the other songs on *Bringing It All Back Home*, Dylan's vision has developed at a far more rapid rate than has his talent. As a result, his cosmology is stated more concretely (if not as poetically) than in his later songs. In "Gates of Eden" Dylan's kinship to Blake becomes apparent. Like Blake, Dylan relegates experience to eternal subordination to innocence:

> The kingdoms of experience
> In the precious winds they rot, . . .
> And the princess and the prince
> discuss
> What's real and what is not.
> It doesn't matter inside The Gates of
> Eden.

(© M. Witmark and Sons, 1965.)

It is interesting to compare this to Blake's "Auguries of Innocence":

> We are led to Believe a Lie
> When we see not Thro' the Eye
> Which was Born in a Night to perish
> in a Night
> When the soul Slept in Beams of
> Light.
> God Appears & God is Light
> To those poor Souls who dwell in
> Night,
> But does a Human Form Display
> To those who Dwell in Realms of day.

Dylan's conception of a transcendence that flows through man is similar to Blake's, and the compassion it generates is later to suffuse Dylan's work with a humanity it lacks at this point. For now Dylan is struggling to express his newly discovered Oceanus. D. T. Suzuki has written:

> Our consciousness is nothing but an insignificant floating piece of island in the Oceanus encircling the earth. But it is through this little fragment of land that we can look out to the immense expanse of the unconscious itself; the feeling of it is all that we can have, but this feeling is not a small thing, because it is by means of this feeling that we can realize that our fragmentary existence gains its full significance, and thus that we can rest assured that we are not living in vain.

("Zen Buddhism and Psychoanalysis" by Erich Fromm, D. T. Suzuki, and Richard De Martino, Harper and Row, 1960.)

This is the Eden of which Dylan sings. It is, of course, possible that even those readers who accept all that has been said thus far will conclude that Dylan does indeed speak of a godhead, yet is no more a poet than are the many philosophers who have spoken of being and existence in such an excruciatingly unpoetic way that descriptions of the unfathomable are rendered virtually unreadable. Those who are particularly concerned with a separation of form and content are most likely to look unfavorably upon Dylan's poetry. It is difficult to imagine, however, any poet more capable of speaking to his given time than is Dylan, or a time more in need of someone capable of speaking to it.

With respect to form, Dylan faces the same problems that face all artists. His creations must give form and order to apparent chaos. In an attempt to catch the tune of a universal melody, mere awareness of the melody is not enough. For we all possess the potential to hear the tune; many of us do hear it, but are incapable of communicating even a hint of its beauty. Only a supreme talent can hope to translate the experience into art. It is not enough for the poet or the composer merely to relay random sounds, for such sounds have beauty only in their universal context. The artist must create a new form on a smaller scale that, if it will not mirror the holy chord, will at least provide harmony for it. Dylan is like the chess grand master; there is *one* correct way to play chess, but this way is far too complicated for any person or computer to comprehend. So the master does not attempt merely to extract a few moves from a plan he can know but cannot understand; he creates his own imperfect strategy with its own imperfect form in order to suggest a chord that can only be sensed.

Dylan does not teach, neither does he proselytize. At most he merely affirms the existence of The Way. His effect is limited, of course, by the inherent inadequacy of words that inevitably

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prohibits communication of the mystical experience. It is further limited by the fact that, while we are all capable of salvation, it is a relatively rare man who is an embodiment of the particular complex of psyche, intelligence, sensitivity, courage, and coincidence from which the mystical experience and salvation can erupt. Dylan can effect only the last; "take what you have gathered from coincidence," he tells Baby Blue. At most all that any artist or prophet can hope for is to ignite our faith. Dylan, perhaps more than any other contemporary poet, is capable of the words that can ignite this faith. If language's impotence is in its inability to convey the melody of the universe, its strength is its power to reproduce the harmonics at least of that infinitely beautiful melody.

By the time Dylan wrote the songs that were to appear on his next album, *Highway 61 Revisited*, his talent was rapidly achieving parity with his vision. He now felt more at home with that vision and was less obsessed with detailing its every aspect. This enabled him to return partially to the subject of man. About the only redeeming virtue of Dylan's pre-visionary songs had been an attractive empathy toward the outsider. While Dylan was not to achieve the complete suffusion of vision with compassion until *John Wesley Harding*, in *Highway 61 Revisited* he did begin to feel that the eternally incommunicable nature of the religious experience did not render human contact irrelevant. If his attentions were not loving, at least he was attempting to reconcile man's existence with his vision. In "Like a Rolling Stone" he developed a conceit that had appeared in seminal form in "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." "Like a Rolling Stone," which is probably Dylan's finest song and most certainly his quintessential work, is addressed to a victim who has spent a lifetime being successfully seduced by the temptations that enable one to avoid facing his own existence. Dylan plays the fool, the "juggler," the "clown," "Napoleon in rags," who—like numerous literary fools before him—is discovered by the mocking victim to be the bearer of truth. To the Oriental, the fool is easily discernible as the Master whose path to truth is paved with riddle and paradox. Perhaps the Occidental most comparable to the fool is the psychoanalyst whose maddening silence is well known to the victims who come to him. In any case, the victim, imprisoned in the ego strait jacket that has been his only source of meaning, is not quick to release his protective ball and chain:

You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp,
But now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And say "do you want to
Make a deal?"

("Like a Rolling Stone,"
© M. Witmark and Sons, 1965.)

There are no deals. Standing naked, knowing that all that came before is irrelevant, Miss Lonely is still not capable of the ultimate honesty which is required for her salvation. She cannot be honest because she lacks the courage to manifest the will to discard the rationalizations that imprison her and the diversions that allow her to avoid the knowledge of her imprisonment. Dylan later will write, "to live outside the law you must be honest." It is with perhaps a bit too much bitterness, a bitterness which is to plague Dylan in his search for peace, that he ridicules Miss Lonely.

Bitterness surfaced in all its virulence in "Positively 4th Street," a song written at this time but excluded from the album. On one level this song may have been an attack on a critic who decried Dylan's dismissal of the relevance of politics. More importantly, I think that Dylan's bitterness arose from his having to face the most basic spiritual conflict: Having seen the vision, how does one either live a life which flows naturally from that vision or resign himself to the impossibility of such a life? This song is not all bitterness, however; Dylan's refusal to accept another man's problems is not lack of compassion, but a reiteration of the ultimately irrelevant nature of those problems and the impossibility of any man's being the source of another's courage.

There is more of brilliance on *Highway 61 Revisited*. In "Ballad of the Thin Man" Dylan lays aside his usual reticence about the use of sexual imagery (he once derided obscenity on the grounds that all propaganda is phony) when he utilizes a homosexual encounter in order to deal with man's search for realization. "Desolation Row" is a denunciation of intellectual word-mongering as a road to salvation. It is this song's cornucopia of imagery that is primarily responsible for what is, I believe, the common misconception that Dylan is a symbolist. Words are already symbols; to force Dylan's phrases of rough-hewn delicacy further into the stultifying context of symbolism is to render them totally incapable of bridging the gap between word and essence.

It is only when one realizes he has been out on the street that the faith which precedes salvation becomes necessary and possible. The journey home to peace can begin only in the cob-

—*David Gahr.*

Mid-Dylan (1965) with Joan Baez.

webbed room of suicidal meaninglessness that is Desolation Row.

Dylan's poetic talents are at their zenith in *Blond On Blond*. Vision overwhelms him less than before, and he concentrates on finding peace through the kinds of women he has always loved: women of silent wisdom, women who are artists of life, women who neither argue nor judge, but accept the flow of things.

Dylan had suggested the premise of this album in "Queen Jane Approximately" on *Highway 61 Revisited*. As in many of the songs on *Blond On Blond*, here one finds not only Dylan's ever-present sense of irony and humor, but also his use of overlapping levels of meanings. As one enters this song more and more deeply he becomes aware first of its concern with the fashionable ennui that periodically affects us all, then its representation of disgust with oneself and the games he thinks he must play, and—finally—its subtle description of the endless repetition to which so many of us chain ourselves.

"Visions of Johanna," an incandescently beautiful song, and "Memphis Blues Again," which is also on *Blond On Blond*, fuse all the themes we have discussed so far and indicate Dylan's imminent discovery that the mystical experience must give way to a life infused with mysticism and compassion lest even the mystical experience be perverted into an excuse for evasion.

There are no "messages" in Dylan's songs, neither is there ideology. The flight of a supreme imagination, the ability to tap into the highest levels of truth, preclude the artist's accepting the simplistic artificiality that is necessary for ideology's goal of widespread acceptance. If an artist is capable of no greater vision than the rest of us, then of what value is he? By imprisoning Dylan's songs in a context of political ideology we play the barbarian

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as surely as if we were to hammer Rodin's *Thinker* into a huge metal peace symbol. Dylan may well be upset by contemporary America; on one level "Tears of Rage" would seem to indicate this. Much of Dylan's anger, however, is directed not at any political entity (politics must forever play a secondary role in his universe) but at the young themselves — many of whom have used his words to avoid fighting the battles of their own existences. It is ironic, but not surprising, that Weatherman, a group of individuals who channel their own confusions into violence, take their name from the song of a man who ridicules all forms of escape through symbol and evasion.

In itself, Dylan's political philosophy is irrelevant; he sees both philosophy and politics as evasive concern with the repetition of cause and effect that can never lead one to the Light which shines within him. Indeed, Dylan ridicules all codes and moralities that claim holy sanction. His vision concerns the God within and without. Society is left to shift for itself.

It is quite conceivable, therefore, that, when he bothers with politics at all, Dylan's political outlook is conservative. His emphasis on personal, as opposed to societal, salvation could very possibly leave him feeling most at home with a political philosophy that emphasizes the individual's right to be left alone to his own search for God. *John Wesley Harding* appeared at a time when the indescribable revulsion felt by the young toward Lyndon Johnson was at its zenith; yet, in a time of ornate, kaleidoscopic record covers, *John Wesley Harding* had an Americana cover. Dylan's declaration

(*Continued on page* 57)

WIT TWISTER #166

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

To speed the _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ knight to war,
The priest his argument _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ switches.
He pleads _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ of God no more,
But plays upon the knight's desire for riches.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 56)

Vienna in ¾ Time, With Lehár, Stolz, and Strauss

VIENNA, AUSTRIA

The hundredth anniversary of Franz Lehár's birth is an occasion not to be taken lightly in Central Europe. The Munich National Theatre commemorated the date (April 30, 1970) with a gala performance of *The Merry Widow*, as did Budapest's Municipal Operetta Theater, which currently features the work in its repertoire. But it was Vienna—not surprisingly—that went all out in honoring its beloved adopted son in the most becoming style: *The Land of Smiles* in the indestructible Volksoper, a lavish "Lehár-Abend" in the Theater an der Wien (with Lucia Popp and Nicolai Gedda singing the evergreen melodies), to say nothing of the old Raimund Theater, which offered *Paganini* during the entire week. I opted for the Theater an der Wien, after which the Lehár Room of the famed old Kranz-Ambassador Hotel, with his pictures and manuscripts decorating the red velvet walls, seemed an unusually fitting background for exchanging reminiscences with friends in a city where operetta is still not gone and far from forgotten.

Additional proof of this came the following day, May 1, a holiday for labor, when Vienna's generally nonfrantic activities are further moderated. The place was a cozy villa in Grinzing, high on the appropriately named Himmelstrasse, with a heavenly view over the meadows and smaller hills below. There, sitting literally and figuratively on top of Vienna's musical world, is Robert Stolz, the last living link in the chain of the city's great operetta tradition, doing what has been coming naturally for more than sixty years. This amazing man will be ninety on August 25, and still maintains an incredible activity. His thirty-year-old operetta, *Venus in Seide*, enjoys a successful revival at the Volksoper; he has written three "musicals" in recent years, and has created new music for Vienna's Ice Review for every one of its past nineteen seasons. Stolz, who had spent the war years in New York and Hollywood, returned to the city of his greatest triumphs immediately after the war. Vienna was bleak and cheerless then, and the composer of "Zwei Herzen im Dreivierteltakt" witnessed its triumphant rejuvenation—as well as his own. Now, enjoying his immense popularity and the many honors coming his way (including the issuing of a special postage stamp dedicated to him, an honor not usually granted to living persons other than heads of the Austrian state), he prefers the Grinzing villa to his comfortable home in the inner city, because its purer air and picturesque qualities are more conducive to creative work.

"Operettas will live forever for the worthy music that is in them," asserts Stolz. And he adds, "Besides, operettas make money here." He notes, with some satisfaction, that *Hair*, so successful in other parts of Europe, seems to have mystified the Viennese and ultimately failed here. "How much more pleasant a 'trip' is the one we take around here with a bottle of good local wine," chimed in Frau "Einzi" Stolz, a genial vision in dirndl—a fabulous combination of Viennese charm and American-style organizational efficiency.

Descending into the mundane world from the hospitable slopes of Grinzing would normally have been an anticlimax. Fortunately, in this instance the road led straight to the Staatsoper for a gala *Rosenkavalier*, celebrating the 25th anniversary of Sena Jurinac's Viennese debut. It was a war-torn Vienna that welcomed her on May 1, 1945 (as Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with Josef Krips conducting), and, in the years that followed, the Croatian soprano developed into one of the Staatsoper's most beloved idols. Octavian was one of the roles instrumental in building the career of "Die Sena," and her progression toward the Marschallin followed in the footsteps of several distinguished predecessors. She looked and sounded beautiful on this gala occasion, her characterization stressing the womanly side of the role and understating its aristocratic aloofness. Her acting was a composite of graceful bearing, telling expression, and small, meaningful gestures. In all, she revealed an artistry that makes all the more regrettable the several attempts, none of them successful, to bring her to the Metropolitan.

Otherwise, this was a good if unsensational *Rosenkavalier*, with several performers familiar to audiophiles: Manfred Jungwirth as an expert, flavorful Ochs; Lucia Popp as a Sophie who looked charming and sang extremely well; and Gertrude Jahn, whose Octavian was too feminine and dramatically unconvincing, although her singing was satisfactory. Silvio Varviso conducted. —GEORGE JELLINEK.

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The Nilsson-Nilsson "Tannhäuser"

Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has seen better days in the area of public appeal. Once vastly popular, it is now scarcely given. And yet it does not lack a representation of sorts (in the early Dresden edition) on discs. Added to two previous stereo versions comes a new release by Deutsche Grammophon (139284/87), starring Birgit Nilsson as both Elisabeth and Venus—a feat she performed at the Metropolitan a few seasons back. Since these characters never appear on stage simultaneously, it is quite possible for the same artist to sing them in one evening—but that artist must be a coloristic genius. Solid vocal tone does not suffice. Other featured performers on the DGG recording are Wolfgang Windgassen in the name part, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Wolfram, and Theo Adam as the Landgraf. Otto Gerdes conducts the orchestra of the Deutsche Oper Berlin.

Memories of a youth spent in attendance at the Metropolitan include *Tannhäuser* as an active repertory piece. Its fascination was strong, its performances outstanding. Melchior, in one of his finest impersonations, filled the title role—there could be no other. Schorr, with Tibbett a choice alternate, was the Wolfram; Richard Mayr, Alexander Kipnis, or even—on a rare occasion—Ezio Pinza, the Landgraf. Most of the interest, though, attached to the ladies who sang Elisabeth and Venus. There were brilliant combinations, all of them first-class: Jeritza and Kappel; Lehmann and Olczewska; Rethberg and Branzell. Above all, the work was given in the revised version prepared by Wagner for performance in Paris sixteen years after the Dresden premiere. For those of us cutting our teeth on Wagner at the time, the Paris version of *Tannhäuser*, given regularly at the Metropolitan under the baton of Artur Bodanzky, ranked among his most rewarding scores.

And then the bottom fell out of the *Tannhäuser* market. To a younger generation, the opera became a gigantic bore—static, windy, interminable. Part of the fall may be attributed to the decreasing availability of great singers. But more responsible, in my view, was the reintroduction to New York of the primitive Dresden version with its old-fashioned, full-stop Overture and its shrill, strident Venus, matriarchal and complaining, Sophie Portnoy at the godhead.

When Wagner revised this opera for production in Paris, he was at the height of his powers. Not only did he expand the opening bacchanal into the most sumptuous of orgies, bowing to Parisian taste for a full-scale dance episode, but also, *in response to a compulsion of his own*, he rewrote the entire first scene for Tannhäuser and the goddess, lavishing on Venus some of the most glorious music ever to come from his pen: rich, sensuous, darkly tinted.

It is, further, not generally realized that Wagner retouched six episodes in all for the Paris *Tannhäuser*, of which the Venus scene remains the longest and most celebrated. That lacerating run for massed violins at the end of Act II, when the hero—overwhelmed with guilt—kisses the hem of Elisabeth's gown, then rushes from the hall, is new. So are various other elaborations — and one important tightening (the suppression of Walther von der Vogelweide's ballad in the Hall of Song). The pompous return of the Pilgrims' motif at the end of the Overture is no more; the Venusberg music, formerly midway in the orchestral introduction, Wagner fused directly—via a dramatic upsweep of the curtain—with the bacchanal on stage.

Why, then, the rejection of this superb postscript by the composer? Would one dream, along similar lines, of presenting Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* without the Council Chamber and other revisions that came twenty-four years after the opera's premiere? But—argue the purists—the chromatic, Tristanesque atmosphere of the new Venus scene is stylistically at odds with the open-faced, diatonic music for Elisabeth, the minnesingers, the Landgraf's court. *Ergo*, remove it; play the old version in full. Wagner himself had an answer for this poltroonery: The hero Tannhäuser exists and moves in two different worlds — the steam-heated den of Venus and the airy meadows of Elisabeth. Consistency of style is fatal to the purpose of the opera. Clashing ambients are required, and Wagner, in the fullness of his powers, obliged.

Once upon a time, back in the late 1920s, the Paris version was recorded at a Bayreuth Festival by Columbia Masterworks. Sigismund Pilinsky was the Tannhäuser and Ruth Jost-Arden the Venus. Time has, naturally, not been kind to this recording. There has been none since. A new one is needed. As armchair impresario, I should engage Herbert von Karajan to conduct; Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, Martti Talvela for the male roles; Montserrat Caballé as Elisabeth; Christa Ludwig or Régine Crespin as Venus. Meanwhile the current release with Mme. Nilsson rates a low grade. The star remains, under any circumstances, a great technician with an extraordinary voice, but her timbre is too dramatic for the gentle Elisabeth, too unyieldingly bright for the goddess. And the question may be asked *why* she has chosen to combine these roles in one performance. To have essayed two parts so essentially different as the saintly heroine and the dark-hued, voluptuous Paris Venus might have been as challenging for a single artist as singing Aïda and Amneris (if that were physically possible) on the same night. Under the present circumstances — Dresden — it is like singing Aïda and the Priestess.

More than Nilsson, however, the chief disappointment in the new album is the work of conductor Otto Gerdes, who has reduced Wagner's pulsing score to an antiseptic package. Efficiency, yes; imaginative interest, *nada*. Wolfgang Windgassen sounds tired but adequate in the title role; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, in good voice, is an elegant Wolfram; Theo Adam, somewhat too baritonal for the basso part of the Landgraf. The total effect is one of no dramatic tension.

Of the two other *Tannhäuser* recordings in stereo, I should recommend the release by Philips (PHS 3-960) made at the Bayreuth Festival of 1962. The first scene is a hodge-podge of old and new versions, cutting back and forth during the prelude, bacchanal, and opening lines for Venus, then settling solidly into the Dresden format. Wolfgang Sawallisch's conducting, however, is so vital and the cast so excellent (Windgassen again, some years younger, as Tannhäuser; Anja Silja, the Elisabeth; Grace Bumbry, Venus; Eberhard Wächter, Wolfram) that the performance is utterly convincing on its own grounds. And Bumbry, a mezzo, achieves the almost impossible feat of bringing sensuous color to that high-flying, prosaic Venus.

Less is to be said for a release of the same edition by Angel (SDL-3620), with Elisabeth Grümmer a good Elisabeth, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Gottlob Frick notable as Wolfram and the Landgraf, but the other principals and conductor at mediocre level. One awaits the day when the glory of this opera returns through a satisfactory recording of Wagner's own legacy—the Paris version. —Robert Lawrence.

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Recordings in Review

—Antony di Gésu.

John Corigliano, Jr. — "independence of mind."

The Sound of Corigliano

CORIGLIANO: *Concerto (1968).* STRAUSS: *Parergon to the Symphonia domestica. Hilde Somer, piano; with the San Antonio Symphony conducted by Victor Alessandro.* Mercury stereo, SR 90517, $5.98.

FOR THOSE unacquainted with the works of John Corigliano, Jr., this score doubtless will be as surprising as it was to me. Corigliano was born in 1938, which makes him thirty as of the work's premiere in 1968 (it was commissioned by the San Antonio Symphony, with which his father, the longtime concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic, is now associated). It demonstrates a craftmanship, a flair for the handling of tonal values, and a total assurance about the rightness of his musical instinct that are customarily associated with products of the European environment rather than of ours.

It shows none of the neophyte composer's customary tentativeness about the contesting claims of the single instrument vs. the multiple one. Corigliano, Jr., hears his impulse in the broadest range of relationships, with each element as part of a totality, rather than as an individual configuration that must, somehow, be housebroken to cohabit with the other. In other words, it is a concerto for piano and orchestra, rather than a work for orchestra with piano, or piano with orchestra. Taken altogether, it joins the select class of the Ginastera and Carter concertos as one of the more interesting ventures—in its totally different way—in this literature in recent years.

Some may seize upon its clear reflections of ways and means associated with Stravinsky and Bartók to label it derivative, but this is, in my view, a confirmation of its integrity, seriousness of purpose, and honesty of impulse. The road to hell may be paved with good intentions, but the road to originality in music will be found, in almost every meaningful instance, to be paved with the building blocks of the best exemplars of the past. As Corigliano shows the independence of mind to select the elements of those he admires in proportions fitting to his own purpose, the outcome is, on balance, decidedly more representative of him than of them.

The work, pianistic though it is, has formidable technical requirements, which Hilde Somer discharges not only with clarity and assurance, but also with a dash and impulse that confirm her belief in the work's creative essence. In this she is ably complemented by Alessandro, who maintains pace and momentum without sacrificing lyric interest where it repeatedly shows itself.

For Corigliano's work to take precedence over the associated, seldom heard work of Strauss is its own kind of tribute to quality and importance. The "Parergon" (which means "appendage" or "supplement" to something else, in this case the *Symphonia domestica*) has had a recording or two in the past, but not, so far as recollection is reliable, comparable in quality to this one. The odd fact that this work of the mid-Twenties was written for the left hand of the soloist is an oddity that identifies it with the late Paul Wittgenstein, the Austrian pianist who lost his right arm during World War I and was immortalized by the concerto that he also commissioned Ravel to write for him.

For all its nominal relationship to the *Domestica*—of which it utilizes one theme—the "Parergon" is much more concerned with the composer's thinking as of the mid-Twenties. It relates considerably to *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, harmonically and structurally. It makes many starts in new directions but does not, really, go the distance with any before obstacles intrude and he is turned back into his own overused devices again. Withal, it has a considerable interest for those who listen to it for what it is rather than for what it is not, and who relish the superiority of interpretative effort characteristic of the disc as a whole. The recording is inherently restricted in sonority, but it is a limitation to which one becomes aurally adjusted after a little exposure to it.

Berlioz Grand, and Grandiose

BERLIOZ: *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale, Op. 15*; Marche funèbre (for the last scene of Hamlet), Op. 18, No. 3; Prelude to Les Troyens à Carthage. Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (Denis Wick, solo trombone*) and the John Alldis Choir.* Philips stereo, 802913, $5.98.

SO MANY WORKS of outstanding quality by Berlioz have been liberated from silence and assigned their rightful places in the musical firmament during the last few decades that it is a temptation to believe he was a man who wrote nothing but masterpieces, all of them neglected. Indeed, there are those who not only yield to the temptation but embrace it with ardor. That is especially true in this aftermath of the centenary of his death.

Doubtless there will be those among them who will hail this disc as another round of revelations. "Revelations" they are, in the sense that Colin Davis has revealed what is contained in the *Symphonie funèbre et triomphale* and the "Funeral March for the Last Scene of Hamlet" to an extent hitherto inaccessible from the insufficient LPs (of the *Symphonie*) or the even less sufficient 78 rpm (of the "March"). But this leaves considerable stretches of each that do not transport me to the heights of admiration or the depths of sympathetic sorrow. The simple fact is that, in each, Berlioz's marvelous means of creating an atmosphere cloak the absence—in these particular instances—of really meaningful music.

Without question, the *Symphonie* (a term for which Berlioz had as many specialized implications as did Mahler) is the most daring in concept and ambitious in execution. As is well known, it was created in 1840 to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the July Revolution. The locale for the performance was the open square where the Bastille had stood, and Berlioz used woodwinds, brass, and percussion exclusively (a chorus joins in the finale). The most impressive portion of the work for me is the "Oraison funèbre," in which Berlioz anticipates Rimsky-Korsakov's use of the trombone to simulate the human voice (in the *Russian Easter Overture*). Denis Wick delivers the oration in masterful style, and Davis interpolates the responses of the orchestra with equal eloquence. But the work moves to its instrumental-choral conclusion in rather conven-

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tional Berlioz style, save for a sudden scale-wise ascension that sheds light on where Verdi might have found the impulse for his famous device in the "Triumphal Scene" of *Aïda*.

To relate this single work to composers as different as Rimsky-Korsakov and Verdi is, perhaps, sufficient "revelation" to justify Davis's devoted effort and the acute reproduction of it. But, as in the case of the "Funeral March," it strikes me as a work whose parts are greater than the whole. The briefer Prelude Berlioz wrote to preface the 1863 production of Acts III-V of "The Trojans" is another, and nobler, totality, exemplary of all that is grand rather than grandiose in his esthetic.

"Ponteios" by Guarnieri

GUARNIERI: *Ponteios (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 22, 24, 26, 29, 30, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 48, 49, and 50). Grant Johannesen, piano.* Golden Crest stereo, CR 4098, $5.98.

THESE PONTEIOS (Preludes) are not merely miniatures, in the sense that the style-setting works of Chopin were, but, in some instances, of a terseness that characterizes their historic predecessors as garrulous. Their length may be counted in measures rather than pages, and they are, more often than not, monothematic, a working-over of a harmonic sequence, rhythmic cell, or melodic fragment derived from the composer's researches into Brazilian folk music which he has converted into a compact entity. Not possessed of the finality to be termed epigrammatic, they could qualify as aphoristic.

Indeed, the interest of the twenty, derived from a total of fifty Ponteios created between 1950 and 1959 by Brazil's greatest living composer, is that they convey more a sense of quest than conquest, of search rather than solution, of progress rather than arrival. As the numbers mount higher and the length tends to stretch out, Guarnieri begins to expand the nuclear ideas into rounded totalities, one or two of a magnitude to recall the accomplishments of that other Chopin-descended preludist, Scriabin.

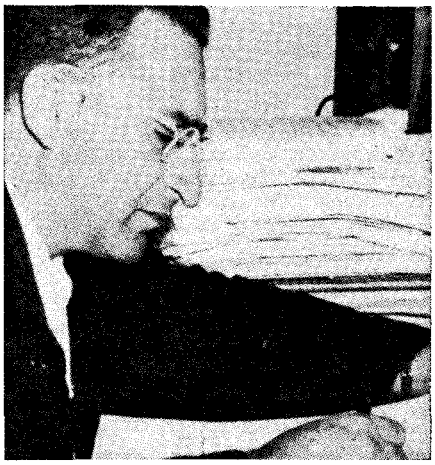
It would doubtless have been more self-serving for Johannesen to have concentrated on the pianistically rewarding or the esthetically fulfilled, but he has served the listener well by beginning with No. 1 and presenting a cross section of the whole. The listener who looks for a single, unifying character relating all the works is going to be disappointed, unless he reflects that "Brazilian" is a term as inclusive as "American," and refers to an area of equal (even greater) size. The touches of jazz coloration (especially in chromatic harmonies) can be interpreted in two ways—either as reflections of the pervasiveness of our most distinctive export, or as a reference to a common source in Africa.

It is, incidentally, one of Johannesen's special qualifications for dealing with these works that he has a natural, unaffected feeling for the colloquial as well as the sophisticated strains that run through the Ponteios. Also he has the kind of piano sound that wears well, no small matter in a sequence of brief impressions such as this one. The whole enterprise profits from the excellent technical results secured by producer Wallace Magill.

The Shirley-Montserrat Show

ROSSINI: *"Serbami ognor: Alle più calde immagini" (Semiramide).* DONIZETTI: *"Dio, che mi vedi: Sul suo cano aggravi un Dio" (Anna Bolena).* BELLINI: *"Mira, o Norma" (Norma).* OFFENBACH: *"Belle nuit" (Les contes d'Hoffmann).* VERDI: *"Silenzio! Aïda verso noi s'avanza" (Aïda).* PUCCINI: *"Flower Duet" (Madama Butterfly).* PONCHIELLI: *"È un anatema! L'amo come il fulgor del creato" (La Gioconda). Montserrat Caballé, soprano; and Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; with the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus conducted by Anton Guadagno.* RCA stereo, LSC 3153, $5.98.

GOOD IDEAS for records, especially vocal records, being somewhat scarcer than kind words from critics, the appearance of one should be greeted with hosannas . . . or at least with a *Hosanna*. The idea of this collection is good, not only in the abstract, but in the specific identity of the performers with whom it is associated. Their voices do not, in the common term, merely blend; rather, at the very best, they merge into an entity that is rich, sweet, and highly palatable.



Camargo Guarnieri—"Brazil's greatest living composer"

That best may be found at the very beginning, in the duet from *Semiramide*, which finds the two women very much in their element temperamentally as well as vocally, and toward the end, in the "Flower Duet" from *Madama Butterfly*, which can rarely have sounded more mellifluous or evenly excellent. The "Barcarolle" from *Hoffmann* is also an aural treat, though not quite suggestive of the languor and ecstasy one might hope for on a warm Venetian night.

The inequalities that assert themselves thereafter are of several sorts. *Anna Bolena* asks more of its heroine, dramatically, than Mme. Caballé can provide, and the *Gioconda* duet demands a weightier voice than hers. Expedience rather than wholly weighted judgment doubtless accounts for the inclusion of the Aïda-Amneris episode, which is far more to the merits of Miss Verrett than those of Mme. Caballé. One might suppose that the microphone and today's sophisticated recording techniques might make up for deficiencies in volume, and, to an extent, they can. But a narrow vocal line, such as Caballé's, cannot be widened into the substantial sound required to cope with Verdi's orchestra; it is simply a louder, narrow line when pressured for the intensity demanded of Aïda in this scene. However, the ending passage is beautifully delivered, with a masterful management of its softly final *"Numi, pietà."*

But the most surprising element in the seven is "Mira, o Norma," which would strike some as the starting point for the whole venture, and destined to be its *pièce de résistance*. Resistance it does convey, but not of a piece; it is, rather, the resistance of the singers to enter into this quintessential duet with the freedom of control and the technical abandon required. It is more than a little tentative; the singers are not always on the same pitch (at random moments, disagreeing in their separate ways with the orchestra's).

Should a second opportunity for this good idea ever present itself, memory of such moments in the opera house prompts the hope that it will include excerpts from Mozart's *Così*, whose Fiordiligi and Dorabella have some of the best examples of the kind to be found in the literature, the harmonizing of Lakmé and Mallika in Delibes's opera, the vocal highlights of *Der Rosenkavalier* (Mme. Caballé has sung the Marschallin, but could doubtless oblige with Sophie's part of the third act scene with Octavian), and even some of the paired sounds of Hansel and Gretel. Anton Guadagno achieves very good results in the Rossini, Ponchielli, and Puccini excerpts, rather less so in the Donizetti and Bellini.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Bartók: Four Pieces for Orchestra (Op. 12); Concerto No. 2. The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy; with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. RCA stereo, LSC-3159, $5.98.	This may well be the first recording of the Four Pieces claimed for it on the cover. Certainly no prior offering enjoyed performance of this quality or the promise of widespread distribution it holds. A product of 1912, it belongs to the side of Bartók's emerging compositional personality marked by *Bluebeard's Castle* of 1911. It is full of imagery, color, harmonic contrast, and instrumental ingenuity suggested by such titles as "Preludio," "Scherzo," "Intermezzo," and "Marcia Funebre." Ormandy senses the style of them admirably, and the orchestra makes much of its opportunity. By a curious coincidence, the second release this month of the Second Concerto offers precisely the kind of overloud, overstressed Bartók for Bartók's sake alluded to in the context of the Colin Davis-Stephen Bishop issue (see entry under Stravinsky). Where the latter offered clarity, Weissenberg and Ormandy offer clangor; likewise a slick of sonority rather than a transparent wash of timbres. The recording in both instances is over-resonant, with chords continuing to sound after the cutoff point.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, MS-7414, $5.98.	This could be described as a Wagnerian version of the Seventh, not only because of the bigness and broadness of the orchestral effects, but also because it endorses the primacy of the rhythmic element, for which Wagner was a famous partisan. To Bernstein's credit, it may be noted that this does not manifest itself simply in the prominence of accents or the force with which they are projected, but as part of the ongoing life of the work as a whole, with a cumulative eruption in the finale. The "Allegretto" is treated in a way that makes it the point of repose it is meant to be, and much of the playing is beautiful to hear. However, a full realization of the Seventh would take in more lyric grace, a lighter touch at some points than Bernstein provides. The recording is clearly the product of several microphones, with low strings given a clear channel to the listener's ear, with a degree of emphasis on the bottom that is rarely heard.
Chausson: *Viviane.* **Duparc:** *Lénore.* **Schmitt:** *La Tragédie de Salomé.* Antonio de Almeida conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC-3151, $5.98.	This is a disc to own and cherish on several counts. The content, with the exception of *La Tragédie de Salomé,* is unfamiliar, and even that work is scarcely in the exploited category; and, as Almeida's debut on a major label, very likely the first in a substantial series of issues in the future. What is most impressive about the joint outcome is that Almeida and the repertory are entirely compatible, meaning that, if the works are unfamiliar to the average record buyer, they are not so to him. *Viviane* is a work that has some esoteric reputation, wholly fulfilled by the deft, well-shaped performance; but *Lénore* is an unexpected addition to the minuscule Duparc literature (less than twenty songs!) and a unique addition to the Frenchophile's listening pleasures. Almeida draws a sensuously French sound from the Philharmonia players, thus earning credit for all.
Czerny: Variations on a Theme of Haydn (Op. 73). **Ries, F.:** Concerto in C-sharp minor (Op. 55). Felicja Blumenthal, piano; with the Salzburg Chamber Orchestra conducted by Theodore Guschlbauer. Victrola stereo, VICS-1501, $2.98.	If this is a product of the Beethoven anniversary year, it is perhaps the first that may be looked upon with misgivings rather than gratitude. To be sure, both Czerny and Ries were characters in the great man's life drama, but the music they wrote was hardly among the reasons they enjoyed his favor. The Czerny variations (an "early" work, despite the opus number 73) are not only on a theme of Haydn, but on *the* theme of Haydn—the hymnal tune best known from the *Emperor* Quartet. It is not merely varied, but verted and inverted through a series of treatments both scalistic and scholastic. Ries's effort takes its point of departure from the master's G-major Concerto, but achieves a result akin to a skeleton vs. a living person. Mme. Blumenthal has long since proved her capacities as an interpreter of the late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century repertory, and makes the most of what would seem the impossible task of vivifying these works. The accompaniments are admirably supervised by Guschlbauer, and the reproduction is first-class.
Stravinsky: Concerto for Piano and Winds (1924). **Bartók:** Concerto for Piano No. 2 (1931). Stephen Bishop, piano; with the BBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis. Philips stereo, SAL-3379, $5.98.	If both of these works have a sound of their own, and one that is at variance with that commonly imparted to it, credit the circumstance that, as well as being musicians responsive to the best of recent writing, Davis and Bishop are also capable Mozarteans. Rather than depending upon a purely percussive attack on the keys to make himself heard, Bishop employed a kind of articulation appropriate to an earlier style of composition and made a highly successful thing of it. To be sure, this would count for little were the conductor not wholly of the same mind about the desirable outcome. Clearly, the pervasiveness of the procedure suggests a common plan of approach that yields substantial results. It is of interest, also, that both works have qualities that can now, in the long reach of the Bartók-Stravinsky careers, be seen to be leading on to later things —the Piano Concerto No. 2 to the Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta, and the Third Concerto; the Concerto for Piano and Winds to (among other things) *The Rake's Progress.* Both performances are tonally rich and very well reproduced.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E minor. Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. London stereo, CS-6606, $5.98.	Whether this is the latest Mehta or the one before the latest (the jacket bears the date 1969), it reverts to a kind of impulsive, rather erratic treatment happily absent in some more recent experiences with his work. Of course, none of these included music by Tchaikovsky, which may mean, simply, that Mehta plus Tchaikovsky brings out the erratic and impulsive in him. If the intention is to produce a "different-sounding" result, the operation is an undoubted success; but the health of the patient is not assured thereby. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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"Martha" with Merits

Poor *Martha*! At least on this side of the Atlantic, she has been sporting a black eye for so long that she is rarely seen out in public today. Since the Metropolitan Opera's disastrous bowdlerization during the 1960-61 season, operagoers have been able to see her only as a slight, imperfect work, better left at home. In Europe, performances can be heard in Munich or Vienna, but rarely do frontline casts assume the four leading roles. As for recordings, two old mono versions are still available—one German reading now on both Urania and Artia, and an Italian performance on Everest/Cetra. A single Angel stereo disc of highlights has been on the market for several years with the incomparable Fritz Wunderlich and the captivating Anneliese Rothenberger.

Martha, which was premiered in Vienna in 1847, takes her place with Lortzing's *Zar und Zimmermann* and *Der Wildschütz* as the German and comic opera counterpart of a gentle Romanticism that basked in pastoral simplicity and unabashed sentiment. In ballet it was manifest in *La fille mal gardée* (1828), *La Sylphide* (1836), and *Giselle* (1841). In Italian opera the equivalents materialized as Bellini's *La Sonnambula* (1831) and Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'amore* (1832) and *La fille du régiment* (1840). A return journey to this state of innocence and, in turn, these works has found remarkable and deserved acceptance in our day. What deft qualities a Fonteyn or a Fracci can bring to their fragile roles, or what a Scotto or Sills infuse into theirs, are exactly what is needed to resuscitate an ailing victim such as *Martha*.

Angel's new full-length, first stereo recording would appear to be just the sparkling tonic needed to bring the endearing *Martha* back into favor. As with such delicacies, the flavor must be true, ladled out with conviction—it cannot be indulged or mocked. *Martha*'s sentiments are gentle, turning mock heroic after the initial frivolity: the poignant use of Lady Harriet's "The Last Rose of Summer," a son raised as a commoner unaware of his true position, a ring with royal powers given by a dying father, etc. These and Flotow's savory, melodious score are given their full due by a resplendent, full-throated quartet, led by the vigorous eighty-year-old Robert Heger.

Heger, who reopened the Gärtnerplatz Theater in Munich after World War II with *Martha*, maintains the right kind of lightness but builds to thunderous emotional climaxes, knowing the value of meticulously creating an effective ensemble. His tempos, beginning with the Overture, tend to be stately, but there is fine contrast in his adroit handling of the sprightlier sections. The Orchestra and Chorus of the Bavarian State Opera (Munich) respond with a lusty, robust performance.

Heger's soloists are a hand-picked foursome who bring a large measure of spirit and style to the music, being well versed not only as Mozarteans but also as operetta singers. As Lady Harriet/Martha, Anneliese Rothenberger blends her personal radiance and sparkle with vocal brilliance and naturalness of delivery. Her voice has grown from the light soubrette of years past. It can now quite tellingly encompass Constanze, Fiordiligi, Lulu, and—as witnessed on a lovely aria recital filling Side 6 of this set (conducted by Hermann Hildebrandt)—Agathe in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Micaëla in Bizet's *Carmen*, and Rusalka in Dvořák's opera as well as Zerlina in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. That she is no longer part of the local operatic scene is our loss.

When she is joined in such ensembles as the "Good Night Quartet" or the Act III finale, "Mag der Himmel," Miss Rothenberger and her companions make an enchanting quartet. Nicolai Gedda's voice, too, shows signs of expansion, but he delivers Lionel's music with spirit and elegance, especially in "Ach so fromm" where he scales down the second verse to a delicate *mezza voce*. Heger chose baritone Hermann Prey for Plunkett, wanting a lighter, younger sound rather than the traditional bass voice. Prey plunges in with great gusto, giving sternness when needed, singing with a variety of shading, and offering a broad, rich "Porter Song." Young Brigitte Fassbaender, the lesser known quantity here, gives a light but fruity sound to the role of Nancy, as well as all the needed flexibility and control to pose the perfect foil for Rothenberger. Angel's sound is well processed and clear, but annotator J. K. will note that at the Metropolitan *Martha* was performed with Tucker and de los Angeles, not Farrell.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Sonatas Op. 2, No. 3 (in C); Op. 27, No. 1 (in E flat); and Op. 78 (in F sharp). Wilhelm Backhaus, piano. London stereo, CS-6638, $5.98.	This chapter of what will go down in history as the Backhaus "Unfinished" cycle (he left the *Hammerklavier*, Op. 106 in B flat, to the last and died before he could get to doing it) is full of vitality, mature wisdom, and undiminished technical command. What will surprise some is the quantity of interest he could find, at more than eighty, in the early Op. 2, No. 3, which he plays beautifully. It was, however, the distinction of his mentality to find the greatness of the oak latent in all of its acorns. That is to say, he could relate Beethoven's beginnings to his fulfillment and find a suggestion of the same mental functioning in both. That may be why there is a remarkable consistency of style and statement across the decade and a half that separates the earliest of these sonatas from the latest. A fulfilling musical experience and one that reproduces the Backhaus sound faithfully.
Beethoven: Sonatas Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Jörg Demus, piano. Variations on a Theme of Count Waldstein; Sonata for Four Hands. Norman Shetler and Demus, piano. DGG stereo, 139 448, $5.98.	This may be the "youngest" music of Beethoven ever to appear on a record. The sonatas (sometimes known as the "Elector Sonatas," because they were dedicated to the then ruling Archbishop and Elector Maximilian Friedrich) were published when he was thirteen and had been composed a year or two previously. To a considerable extent they convey only a kind of anonymous fluency, but there are surprises here and there. The Variations may have a prior disc history, but it is an obscure one; likewise the Sonata for Four Hands. As well as providing pleasant pass-time material for the average listener, the items (part of DGG's mammoth survey of the composer's entire published literature) afford the Beethoven-addicted a rare opportunity for filling in gaps in the total sequence. The performances are all good, and faithful to the high standard of technical procedures expected of DGG.
Berlioz: "Chant guerrier"; "Prière du matin"; "Le Temple universel"; "Chant sacré"; "Le Ballet des ombres"; "La Menace des Francs"; "Veni Creator"; "Hymne à la France"; "Tantum ergo"; "Le Chant des Bretons"; and "Chanson à boire." Heinrich Schütz Choir and Chorale directed by Roger Norrington; with Ryland Davies, tenor; Peter Smith, piano and harmonium. Argo stereo, ZRG 635, $5.95.	If none of the titles herewith listed has a familiar sound, do not be distressed; they are part of the vast bulk of the long obscured Berlioz repertory now coming to light. All were written for choral performances and span a time period from 1829 ("Le Ballet des ombres") to the last decade of his life ("Le Temple universel," in 1862). Several—"Chant guerrier," "Chant sacré," and "Chanson à boire"—are settings of Thomas Moore texts, originally included in the collection called *Irlande*, of which some other elements appeared on a disc earlier this year. They have a wide variety of interests, of which the most striking by far is the appearance, in the "Ballet des ombres" (based on a Herder poem), of musical imagery now associated with the magical "Queen Mab" Scherzo of *Roméo et Juliette*, usually considered one of his "mature" masterpieces, of ten years later. The performances are all dependably musical, if not fully responsive to the composer's pictorial purposes.
Bizet: *Carmen* ("Habanera," "Seguidilla" and Duet, Finale Act I, "Gypsy Dance," "Toreador Scene," Duet, "Card Scene," Duet and Finale Act IV). Christa Ludwig (Carmen), Rudolf Schock (Don José), Hermann Prey (Escamillo), and the orchestra and chorus of the Deutsche Oper Berlin conducted by Horst Stein. Seraphim stereo, S-60119, $2.98.	Despite the gaucheries and anachronisms of the German text (clearly intended for home consumption), the fact clearly emerges that the music lies well for Christa Ludwig. Thus, could she make a complete stylistic adjustment, master the French text, and effect a personality adjustment, she could challenge the contemporary Carmens (the program, however, might take so long they would no longer be contemporaries). As much can hardly be said for Prey as Escamillo: The scene in Act II draws him in a direction wholly opposed to his normal inclinations, with a vocal strain that hardly can be beneficial. Schock manages reasonably well, as might be expected from the all-purpose tenor he has made of himself. Taken altogether, which means as Germanically directed by Horst Stein, it offers more that is Germanic than germane. Omission of mention of Micaëla is not an oversight: There is none on this disc.
Mahler: *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen.* **Strauss:** "Hymnus"; "Morgen"; "Traum durch die Dämmerung." Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone; with the Hessian State Radio Symphony conducted by Winfried Zillig. **Schubert:** "An Schwager Kronos"*; "Der Atlas"***; "Der Jüngling an der Quelle"**; and "Nachtstück."*** **Brahms:** "Botschaft"***; "Wie bist du, meine Königin?"*** **Wolf:** "Verborgenheit"***; "Der Gärtner"***; "Gebet"***; "Gesang Weylas."*** **Strauss:** "Heimliche Aufforderung."*** Schlusnus, baritone; with Michael Raucheisen,* Franz Rupp,** and Sebastian Peschko,*** piano. Heliodor stereo, 2548 702, $4.98.	These performances all have been in existence for upwards of two decades (Schlusnus died in 1952), but they have never been circulated in the clarity and detail to be heard in this reissue. This includes the original issues on 78 rpm Polydor, the LP collections on Decca (DL 9620/4), and the ten-inch LP form DGG. For any acquainted with the foregoing, this endorsement is as much as may be needed to constitute an action memo. For others, it may be noted that Schlusnus was, if not as diligent, scholarly, or thoroughgoing as the current Fischer-Dieskau, as much a leader in his field (proponents of Gerhard Hüsch will cry "Foul!" but their fields were rather different). For lieder of a certain kind ("Jüngling an der Quelle," "Morgen," "Wie bist du, meine Königin?" among them), there has not been a baritone in years with the light, floating, ideally lyric sound of Schlusnus. Though his means were less suited for "Der Atlas" or "An Schwager Kronos," the superb lift and energy of his delivery make his performances of these, too, infectious. In Mahler, Schlusnus was not quite as close to home territory, but for all the time prior to the very recent past his performances of "Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht," "Ging heut' morgen übers Feld," etc. were in a class of their own. Zillig's effort with the orchestra is no more than passable, but the pianists are all above average, and in the instance of Rupp outstanding. Heliodor's deserved thanks for technical excellence and a well-presented prose commentary by James Goodfriend must be balanced by a black mark for the sloppy presentation of the songs and their accompanists: twelve songs followed by names of the pianists and no indication of who plays what. The information indicated at left is not really confidential: It is contained in Clough-Cuming, as well as on the Decca LPs. —I.K.

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McCartney on His Own

by ELLEN SANDER

Several weeks ago, to almost nobody's surprise, Paul McCartney announced that he had left the Beatles and was releasing a solo album. He added that his family was giving him more pleasure than his group. John Lennon retorted: "It's a simple fact that he can't have his own way so he's causing chaos. I put out four albums [without the rest of the Beatles] last year, and I didn't say a word about quitting."

It was a bitter way to blow a myth.

When I spoke to John last year he described Paul as an "intellectual ostrich." It seems there had been problems with the Beatles for quite some time. There was internal dissent about managerial affairs. You can hear Paul's feelings on it in "You Never Give Me Your Money" on *Abbey Road*, and the erratic nature of the material on the previous (plain white) album indicated a rift among the Beatles. John Lennon's marriage to Yoko Ono and Paul's later marriage to Linda Eastman were moves in opposite directions for the writing Beatles. Beatle press aide Derek Taylor mentioned that John's absorption in Yoko was coming between him and Paul and they weren't writing songs together as they used to. McCartney's announcement was merely a conclusion of what any Beatle fan could hear in the music itself, and the "split" was not so much a breakup but a calculated play for publicity centered around McCartney's solo album.

A conditioned entertainer rarely changes his image; it confuses a faithful public. With groups the problem is more complex. The Beatles, who defied almost every show business tradition, are a collective image of four individualistic personalities, each growing in a different direction. A group's personality is based on the most obvious aspect of the conglomerate, but with the Beatles it was simply John, Paul, George, and Ringo—together. Beatle music may have changed from album to album or from song to song, but one thing was vital and inviolate: They were the Beatles—forever. It's a difficult posture to sustain when a man is as serious about his private life as he is about his career, and Paul McCartney cast an old show biz rule

Paul McCartney and offspring—"fireside jive and family fun."

and the public image of his group to the wind and chucked it. It was a most unsympathetically timed move: The next, and most likely final, Beatle album, *Let It Be*, was just about to be released, having been rescued from a state of utter disorganization by Phil Spector, one of pop's first and most widely celebrated producers.

McCartney's solo album, inspired, he says, by the installation of four-track recording equipment and a single microphone in his home, may not so much punctuate the demise of the Beatles as signal the beginning of a very promising something else.

McCartney (Apple, STAO 3363) is one of the few entirely successful "home" albums released. It's encouraging, after several failures by other artists, groups, and producers, to see that music of this kind can be recorded intact without a bevy of borrowed superstars and the Ikettes behind it. Linda McCartney is the only other artist involved in *McCartney*; her intimately beautiful photographs decorate the sleeve, and her uncertain harmonies waft through some of the songs (she can't carry a tune in a bucket, but her oooh-ahhh's are heavy and her presence is charming).

There is a great deal of padding on the record, and at that the album seems very short (neither the label copy nor the jacket gives timings). But the feel of the album is whole in the few songs that work, in the mystifying fragments that just sit there and sound pretty, in the roundhouse spirit of the entire package. One could spend hours listening to such simple, sparse, often unfinished music, and, having heard it all, never hear enough of it.

"La, la, la, the lovely Linda" may not be one of the most original or stimulating lyrics Paul McCartney ever wrote, but it certainly is one of the most engaging. "That Would Be Something" is another careful fragment, the rhythm irresistible, the dynamics complete. "Valentine Day" is a short instrumental, a little bit McCartney, a little bit Beatles, and a lot of something else, indeed. Like many of its companions on the record, it is unresolved, spontaneous, a shred of a few musical ideas strung together and left there. "Every Night" is the first complete song, but it somehow can't compete with the variety of enticing ideas set down before it. "Hot as Sun-Glasses" is a track of beautifully phrased melodic structures, broken by an uncut bit of shenanigans and ended right there. "Junk" is a lazy, laconic song, so simple and undemanding that the track is repeated on Side 2 without voices as "Singalong Junk."

"Man, We Was Lonely" is the exception on the album. A hearty, homebound tune, full of fireside jive and family fun, it comes off as a robust, full song. The spontaneous quality of the items (one can hardly call the majority of them songs) on the album was preserved by careful studio discipline in producing the homemade tapes. Since Paul plays all the instruments, they are all overdubbed, and the vocals are as they were, hardly touched or changed. The clinkers were all left in, and they only heighten the implicit friendliness of the music.

Beatle music has become a document of the individual Beatles, and Beatle albums a chronicle of themselves. An unknown could never get away with producing the kind of album that *McCartney* is; there would be no frame of reference to cradle it. *McCartney* is musically a primitive album, but its fascination lies in the unraveling of the life and times, at this particular juncture, of an individual whose participation in the Beatles has influenced the life and times of the millions in his audience. It is that audience which will appreciate *McCartney*. Whereas other Beatle albums have had a much wider range in appeal, being the product of the aspects of the group and producer/arranger George Martin, or an advance in the formalization of pop so critical as to merit attention from

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those outside that intense but select area of interest, *McCartney* is by and for the family. With the single exception of The Band's recorded music, no home pop album ever recorded has emerged as anything but egotistical and incestuous.

"Teddy Boy" was a song idea originally intended for the Beatles' *Let It Be* album, and the original (pre-Spector) tapes I heard have Paul riffing through it, teaching it to John, George, and Ringo, with each of them putting a piece of himself into it. It went on and on with nothing emerging but a glimpse of how the Beatles try to make a song together and don't. "Teddy Boy" appears on the McCartney album as a ditty, one where Linda's frail harmony fills in the open space where the rest of the Beatles might have participated.

There is some beautiful pop in the album. "Maybe I'm Amazed" is a song that would benefit any album and "Kreen-Akrore" a track that extends as graceful and final a parting gesture as could be expressed. If McCartney was embarrassingly ungainly about the manner in which he released his divisive statement, *McCartney* speaks well for his decision on much more sensitive grounds.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Gf, 2Ig, 3Fb, 4Ak, 5Jc, 6Ke, 7Ea, 8Cd, 9Bl, 10Dj, 11Hh, 12Li.

Earl Wild's Accompanist

BALDWIN

Hodges Leaves the Duke

When, grieved by the death of his young friend John Keats, Percy Bysshe Shelley lamented "Weep for Adonais," the alert readers of the time needed no hints to realize who was meant (Adonais was Shelley's poetic way of likening his poet-idol to the Greek image of Adonis). It may seem wildly far-fetched to invoke such an image on behalf of a jazz saxophonist whose death was lamented by a host of his musical debtors recently, but this is only because the world tends to confuse form with substance and means with ends.

John Cornelius Hodges, for such was his name, was destined by time and circumstances to pour the impulses of his heart and mind not into sonnets and ballads, rondeaus and odes, but into the forms and outlets available to a Negro born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in May 1906, with little access if any to the cultural implications of that locale. The lure to identity came from his appreciation of the artistry of the late Sidney Bechet, great master of the soprano saxophone.

None of this conforms to the classical implications of Greeks and English poets, learned verse forms and aspirations to the Italian environment of the nineteenth century to which Shelley and Keats were susceptible, but that, really, is merely a matter of circumstances. Johnny Hodges was, at heart, as much a lyric poet as either of the fabled Englishmen, and if he did not qualify for Keats's self-written epitaph "Here lies one whose name was writ in water," he will remain as vital and enduring because his name was writ in wax, with some of the most gorgeous arabesques and configurations ever preserved for enduring reference and enjoyment.

By much the largest number of them, and without question the best, were produced during a long association with Duke Ellington that began in 1928, when Hodges was twenty-two, and endured until his death in New York recently at sixty-three. There was, inevitably, an interim period—1950-55—when Hodges was tempted to seek a career as a leader on his own, but it was (inevitably) short-lived. His heart belonged to Duke; neither was the same apart. Together with the great baritone sax player Harry Carney, and a few chosen others, Hodges

—*RCA.*

Hodges—"his name was writ in wax."

was the source of the life-giving sound that Ellington wove into such magical patterns as "The Mooche," "Saratoga Swing," the unforgettable "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," "Never No Lament" (as well as his own "Jeep's Blues," "Harmony in Harlem," "That's the Blues, Old Man," and "Rent Party Blues"). It was in these contexts that his unique mastery of the alto saxophone found its truest outlet and that he was to become as much at home with Duke in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine as in the Cotton Club.

A slight, short man, Hodges was quiet-spoken, addicted to funny hats and a sound as limpid as it was eloquent. Whether as an outstanding soloist in the big Ellington band or as an indispensable element in the small combos that proliferated therefrom, Hodges was as much an extension of the master's creative impulse as the instrument he played was to him, and as responsive to his leader as an aeolian harp to the wayward wind.

When Cootie Williams, the great master of the muted trumpet, left Ellington in the early Forties in quest of a career of his own, Raymond Scott memorialized the circumstances in a well-remembered piece called "When Cootie Left the Duke." The only one who could properly memorialize this moment in the forty-year saga would be the Duke himself—if he has the heart, now that Hodges has left him.

—I.K.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

The Rochester Problem

WILLIAM TEDESCHI's letter [RECORDINGS, Apr. 25] regarding "a rather crucial concert" of the Rochester Philharmonic was presumptuous and misleading.

Mr. Tedeschi is a private citizen and has no official connection with the Civic Music Association (which maintains the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra); indeed, he is not even one of the 8,590 citizens in Rochester who support the orchestra by becoming members of the association. And yet, throughout his letter Mr. Tedeschi presumes to speak for the association with such phrases as "our recent fund raising . . . ," "We know from previous experiments that . . . ," and "We are counting heavily on Mangione's concert."

This is misleading, because it implies that the Board of Directors of the Association has gambled everything on a concert of new music which will "synthesize jazz, folk, and symphonic music." You very rightly tagged Mr. Tedeschi out by pointing out that "neither Mangione nor anyone else can rewrite the symphonic literature from Mozart to Mahler, and that is where the real issue is concentrated."

To set the record straight, Mangione's concert is but one of many creative approaches the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra has made in trying to solve the problems inherent in passing on an appreciation of symphonic music not only to the next generation but also to those in this generation who don't yet have the message. The brilliant work of our resident conductor, Samuel Jones, in this regard is attracting wide national attention. His recent "Protest in Music" concert bridged both the generation and the racial gaps in a way which will have important benefits to Rochester. And he has been invited to explain our far-ranging educational program to this month's National Conference of the Associated Councils on the Arts in St. Louis. I might add, however, that we have by no means lost faith in the validity of the traditional concert experience.

We understand Mr. Tedeschi's desire to help promote the concert of his friend. Indeed, we want to support it too—it's our concert! But we cannot allow Mr. Tedeschi's comment to go unchallenged, that this "rather crucial concert" is an attempt to save the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra (and music in Rochester).

(MRS.) FRANCES S. WILKENS,
Vice President,
Rochester Civic Music Association,
Rochester, N.Y.

Too Little for Too Much

THE RECORD REVIEWER, normally getting the records free, devotes his attention exclusively to the quality of music, performance, and recording. For the record buyer, however, there exists also the additional factor of "quantity." Is he paying money for music or for shellac? Recently I bought a recording of Henze's *Raft of the Frigate Medusa* only to discover that DGG has managed to put a grand total of sixty-eight minutes on two records. This is done at a time when many records, including bargain labels, manage to put this much music on one record without any deterioration in sound.

The same company's recordings of Wolf's miscellaneous works and Tcherepnin's piano concertos do not fare much better.

MIKE PARRISH,
Bloomington, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The only justification could be lack of compatible material to fill out the discs.*

Playing from Parts

I WROTE my first String Quartet in 1935. When I presented it to a group to read, I had prepared each performer's part so that it included those of the other three, in lighter ink, similar to the way the solo part is cued in on the score of a piano accompaniment. The players were horrified and refused to attempt the work unless they could read from individual parts prepared in the traditional manner.

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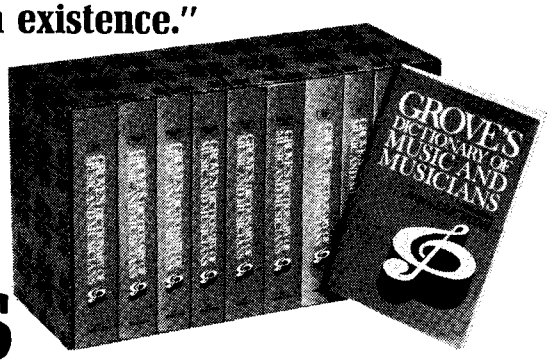

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String Quartet's performance of the Elliott Carter work [MUSIC TO MY EARS, May 2], I feel vindicated after thirty-five years. "This is a procedure so intelligently practical . . . that one wonders why it has not been done before." Indeed!

MILTON ADOLPHUS,
Member, American Composers Alliance,
Harrisburg, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As ideas go, thirty-five years is a relatively brief time for one to find its vindication.*

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In Praise of Terry

ONE OF the less prepossessing habits of the human mind is the bland acceptance of the unfailingly excellent with hardly a passing thought of gratitude—yet Walter Terry's comments on the world of dance are a boon that should never be taken for granted.

In a mental environment often polluted with opinions and comments which can only foul up one's thinking, Mr. Terry's sound judgment, sensitivity, and happy facility of expression are a welcome breath of culturally healthful ozone. Realistic as well as artistically enjoyable, his evaluations substantially aid appreciation of the dance programs staged in and out of the area.

Invariably good, he is sometimes great. In describing Dame Margot's performances with new partner Cragun [WORLD OF DANCE, Feb. 20], Terry reached some apogee of critical commentary, his lyric prose literally matching the dancers' own precision and grace.

ALLA M. CASS,
Bronx, N.Y.

A Review of a Reviewer

AS AN AVID follower of the current trends in pop music, I look forward to Ellen Sander's reviews with a great deal of interest. First, I would like to commend your publication for including discussion of the contemporary folk/rock, blues scene. Your focus is on the arts, and I feel that you are a beacon of foresight in your elevation of popular music as an art form within today's society.

I would, however, wish to include in this letter a comment on the reviews specifically. It has always been my thought that a review, whether of a movie, recording, ballet, etc., had as its main purpose and focal point the creative activity contained in the subject of the review. I have been disappointed in several of the recent offerings, because they have dwelled mostly upon character background and information and not the works of the album itself.

In the Baez article, the opening sequence concerning Richard Farina had little bearing in context with the remainder of the review. As for Jefferson Airplane, there are ten songs on the album, three of which are mentioned for their content, another two referred to by title and excerpt only. The reviewer remarks that there are "sloppy moments" on the album, but she hardly gives us a clue as to where she feels they may be or why. By way of having a point of reference, I would be interested. The readers, I'm sure, are aware that the Airplane are somewhat kinky and that Mimi and Joanie are brave and steadfast. And we do admire them for their human qualities, but instead of giving us all this redundant sentiment please take care of business.

Ellen Sander has shown us in her work concerning Crosby, Stills and Nash, the Beatles, and Simon and Garfunkel (also Bob Dylan) that she is capable of providing a thoughtful analysis of what we are listening to today. In her cover article on The Rolling Stones [*SR*, Nov. 29], she presented a well-worked illustration of why we are listening to it. In order that she can satisfy her desire to tell us all that she knows, it is my suggestion that you allot her more space and regularity for her reports. If this can't be arranged, please tell her that this subscriber would appreciate knowing what she feels and thinks concerning *songs,* and why. Most of us know the rest.

HARRIET BURCH,
Lundbreck, Alberta,
Canada

Answer to Wit Twister, page 46; dilatory, adroitly, idolatry.

"But if we knew what the artist was saying it wouldn't be art. It would be propaganda."

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Dylan

Continued from page 46

that he was not about to argue or to move contrasted with the student rage that was asserting itself. If Dylan does tend toward conservatism, it is because conservatism, at least theoretically, mirrors his distrust of political routes to salvation.

In *John Wesley Harding* Dylan reiterates his belief that compassion is the only secular manifestation of the religious experience; any code which demands more than pure compassion is generated in the imperfection of experience and does not flow only from a vision of God. Indeed, while change in Dylan's universe is the natural state of things, impatience to implement change is the supreme form of egotism: It is an individual's setting himself apart from the flow. Preoccupation with the methodology of change, like any magnification of one small aspect of the flow of life, implies a ceaseless intellectualization which precludes a possibility of the religious experience.

John Wesley Harding is not a political philosophy and our attempting to view it as such is to drain it of the wisdom it has to offer. This album is Dylan's supreme work; it is his solution to the seeming contradiction of vision and life. His vision continues to preclude a political path to salvation, but finally overcomes the exclusion of humanity that had plagued his previous visionary songs. The mere existence of Dylan's songs had indicated the problem: If other men were totally irrelevant—if God could be experienced, but the experience was totally incommunicable — then Dylan's songs would have been silent psalms read to deaf sinners. In this album, the creative manifestation of a life infused with God, gentleness, and compassion replaces bitterness and cynicism. Where once there was confusion, now there is peace. Dylan has paid his dues. He has discovered that the realization that life is not in vain can be attained only by an act of faith; only when one accepts the flow of life can he manifest the will to overcome the confusion and vanity which tear him apart. To the children of Pirandello, drowning in their ennui and their relativism, Dylan sings:

"There must be some way out of here,"
Said the joker to the thief.
"There's too much confusion,
I can't get no relief. . . ."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,
"There's many here among us
Who feel that life is but a joke.
But, you and I, we've been through that,
And this is not our fate.
So let us not talk falsely now,
The hour is getting late."

("All Along the Watchtower."
© Dwarf Music, 1968.)

The only way in which any of us can hope to play the thief, can ignite the faith of another and rob him of his confusion, is through love and compassion. For better or worse, all wisdom is eventually distilled into a few lines; even the unfathomable mysteries of the Bible must finally reside in the compassion of the Golden Rule. Dylan concludes "Dear Landlord" with a prayer for true compassion.

Perhaps it is inevitable that, sooner or later, there will be a falling out between Dylan (with his emphasis on wisdom and the acceptance that it generates) and his public (with its desire for the passion and change that political objectives demand). I must admit to skepticism concerning how many of Dylan's youthful followers have even the vaguest conception of what he is singing about. Many look no deeper than the level of his very fine rock music, while others are merely in the market for political slogans. However, contemporary technology enables Dylan's songs to be disseminated to an incredibly large number of people. No doubt many of them are at least aware that Dylan is sending out clues. Dylan's art is capable of igniting their faith. In any age that is a considerable artistic achievement; in the lonely world of the contemporary young it would seem almost a miracle.

It is only in the light of all that came before that Dylan's most recent album, *Nashville Skyline*, can be truly understood. Perhaps this is a failure of the work; certainly one would think so if he insists that any great work of art must stand alone. Alone, *Nashville Skyline* is a tightly written, cleverly executed series of clichés that would seem to be merely a collection of nice songs written by a Dylan who has gotten a bit mentally plump. As the final step in Dylan's search for God, however, it is a lovely paean, Dylan's acknowledgment of the joy of a life suffused with compassion and God. If this does not make the album particularly illuminating for the man who is unaware of Dylan's cosmology, to others it is evidence that he has finally been able to bring it all back home. He has heard the universal melody through the galaxies of chaos and has found that the galaxies were a part of the melody. The essence that Dylan had discovered and explored is a part of him at last. There will be no more bitterness, no more intellectualization, no more explanation. There will be only Dylan's existence and the joyous songs which flow naturally from it.

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 57)

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GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

MOUNTAIN DULCIMERS, eight designs. Free catalogue. Dennis Dorogi, Brocton, New York 14716.

"SAY NO TO NIXON." Bumper stickers, 5/$1.00. Nonix, 3402 Crittendon Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia 24012.

VOLKSWAGEN CAMPER, fully equipped, for rent, in Europe, after August 28th. Professor George Kent, Shady Harbor, Westerly, Rhode Island 02891.

AMAZING NEW WAY to own your own business. Send for free copy. Modern Franchising Magazine, 1033-SR First Avenue, Des Plaines, Illinois.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COUNTRY OR TOWNHOUSE MANAGERSHIP by brilliantly educated, world-traveled, unencumbered gentleman, fiftyish, immaculate appearance, attractive personality. Drive, type, host, plan, edit for busy executive or impaired/retired employer. Can offer unquestionable loyalty and efficiency. Box W-136.

WRITER-IN-RESIDENCE, visiting lecturer, teacher: Bible as literature, comparative literature, writers' workshop. Author, 4 books, American studies, major publishers. Awards in poetry, drama, fiction, nonfiction. Man, 54; highest references; Who's Who in the West, etcetera. Vita available. Box W-107.

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT. If you require an able creative woman with Katharine Gibbs business training and a good theatrical background for a summer position in the Greenwich area, please write Box W-113.

INNOVATIVE MALE TEACHER, disenchanted with public mis-education, seeks position, "free," "progressive" school. Four teaching fields. Box W-102.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, mature, literate, former foreign service, seeks interesting position abroad or traveling. Box W-133.

MUSIC TEACHER, B.A., M.M., experienced. No geographical preference. Box W-94.

ASSIDUOUS COUPLE seeks caretaking or similar detached position. Adequate references. Box W-105.

SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD BOY with sailing, camp and foreign travel background seeks eastern shore summer job. Richardson, 75 Brinker Road, Barrington, Illinois 60010. 312-381-5539.

GENERAL FACTOTUM LADY—typist, cook-help seeks job in active cultured milieu 1-2 adults, shore, country. Best references. Box W-93.

WANTED: out of classroom! Experience: elementary, environmental education, underprivileged children. 1225 Athens, Modesto, California 95350.

THREE A.M.I. MONTESSORI teachers seek positions September. Box W-122.

SECRETARY, THIRTYISH, excellent skills, intelligent, seeks interesting assignments. Box W-139.

SYMPHONY ADMINISTRATOR desires position in business with more stable future. Box W-144.

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COED CHILDREN'S CAMP in Poconos of Pennsylvania. 8 weeks—key staff openings: Male water ski (over 21); male tripping (over 21); head waterfront, over 23 (pool); female rhythmic gymnastics; female riflery (NRA) over 21. High salaries. Call collect Mr. Black, 215-CA 4-2100 or write Pine Forest Camp, 110 Benson East, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania 19046.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers, nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

MANPOWER INC. NEEDS experienced stenos, typists immediately to work temporarily. Assignments available in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other major cities throughout the country. See telephone directory for address in your city.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DI, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, September vacancy. Attractive school community on the North Shore of Long Island, N.Y. Strong academic educational program. Salary range $20,000 to $23,000 depending on experience. Applicant must have high school administrative experience and meet N.Y. State certification requirements. Letter of application and resume should be sent to Box V-998.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

JOBS! JOBS! and more JOBS! Overseas, U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs (Students!). Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. For Information, write: JOBS, Box 475, SR-7, Lodi, California 95240.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowances, paid overtime. Write: Global Employment, Box 706P8, Orinda, California 94563.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

MOTHER'S HELPER to spend summer on writer's organic farm in western Jersey. Help with goats, rabbits, children. Own room, abundant free time, good opportunity to get it all together. Salary negotiable. Lawrence Block, 21 West 35th, New York 10001.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

WANTED—Family doctor to help develop inner-city group practice in conjunction with black community organization and family medicine group. Will evolve into neighborhood health center. Please contact Eugene S. Farley, Jr., M.D., Family Medicine Program, 335 Mt. Vernon Avenue, Rochester, New York 14620.

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work Summer or Fall. Applicants pay own fare. Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212 (send stamped self-addressed envelope).

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

HEAD—REFERENCE DEPARTMENT—The University of Wisconsin-Parkside, a new degree-granting campus of the University of Wisconsin, accessible to both Milwaukee and Chicago, seeks head of Reference Department. Job entails normal reference functions, coordination of library orientation program, and (for next year or two) supervision of circulation. Would supervise staff of two or three professionals with scheduled growth. Strong subject orientation is emphasized. Salary in $13,000 range. Annual intake of more than 30,000 titles supports undergraduate courses in liberal arts, also engineering, business, and labor specialties. Serials and government publications are separate departments. Library philosophy embraces innovation, flexibility, and active sense of public service. Apply Philip M. Burnett, Director of Libraries, UW-Parkside, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140. Phone 414-658-4861. Will interview through July including early days of ALA.

SUMMER THEATRE JOBS: The 1970 Summer Theatre Directory lists over 350 summer theatres with descriptions, addresses, contacts and employment opportunities. $2.25. Write: American Educational Theatre Association, 815 - 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

PHYSICIAN/MEDICAL DIRECTOR—Coordinate volunteer physician services, university-area free medical/drug treatment clinic, starting June 1st. Specialty unimportant; drug work desirable. Half days free. Approximately $10,000. Write: Director, AJC, 1337 National City Bank Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

MONTESSORI DIRECTRESS—6-9 class, September, 1970. Montessori Academy, 14545 Noel, Dallas, Texas 75240. Phone 214-239-1745.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

IRELAND. Large house, 6 bedrooms, bath, cellars, creamery. 50 acres. Minutes from Shannon Airport. SR Box W-86.

FOR SALE—BERKSHIRES—Charming 1796 farmhouse. 4 fireplaces, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near lake, tennis and golf. Good condition. $65,000. Call 212-427-2900 days, 212-TE 1-8454 or 212-988-9638 evenings.

LOVELY VERMONT COLONIAL—2 baths, fireplaces, barn. 2 acres. Nearby skiing, Prep schools. V. Harmon, Saxtons River, Vermont 05301.

RHINEBECK—Authentic documented Gothic, 9 rooms, 2 baths, fireplaces, barn. 3½ acres with access from 3 village streets. Needs some work. Make offer. Helen Z. Battistoni, Realtor, 23 Market Street, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 914-876-7091 and 914-876-4212. Branch: Red Hook, N.Y. 914-758-6500.

For Rent—Furnished

BROOKLYN, N.Y. One family home, completely furnished, 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, spacious. A-1 residential, tree-lined, secluded area. Ideal for executive or academic family. Available 3-15 months starting mid-June. Call 212-UL 9-5482 or SR Box W-115.

FOR RENT—ST. CROIX, Virgin Islands. 3 bedroom house, privately owned, attractively furnished, private patio, cool location. Near Christiansted, 3 beaches nearby, excellent golf course. Available for rental two weeks or longer, summer or winter. References required. SR Box W-127.

SWISS ALPS, Schonried near Gstaad. Excellent skiing. International schools. 3 bedroom modern chalet. Ideal for sabbatical. Available September, one year, $2,700. Box W-103.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—cottage, 9 acres, breathtaking views. Weekly. SR Box T-851.

APPEALING ITALIAN VILLA, unspoiled beach, modern. $100 monthly. Available now and autumn. Robertson A.T.C., Goldsmiths College, London, SE 14, England.

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS. Charming 3 bedroom house. Panoramic view of Caribbean islands. Pool. Volkswagen. Part-time maid. Gardener. $1,200 monthly. Box 126, West Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

SAN MIGUEL ALLENDE, Gto, Mexico. Fabulous, 2 double bedrooms, 3 baths, garden, pool, views. $400 monthly, includes servants. Box W-141.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MAINE—New house, stone fireplace, 3 bedrooms, all electric kitchen. Secluded, dramatic open-ocean site. Box V-782.

BERKSHIRES—100 acre estate. Season, $1,000. 516-584-5702, 413-238-5846.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE. Beautiful new shore cottage, modern facilities, fireplace, phone. Sleeps 5. Available season or part, June through October. SR Box T-383.

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT—Saugatuck Shores area. 150 feet from water, mooring rights. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, deck, appliances. Write W. S. Bahrenburg, c/o Saturday Review. Call 212-983-5567, nights and weekends 203-853-1519.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LAKES REGION . . . Secluded 2 cottages, total 6 bedrooms, in pine woods on farmland along private 14-acre lake. Excellent fishing and swimming. $1,800 season. Box W-80 or 914-AR 3-3868.

HINGHAM BAY, MASSACHUSETTS—5 bedroom house overlooking Bay. Modern kitchen, 2½ baths. Private beach. Boating. SR Box W-118.

SAG HARBOR, L.I.—Superb 2 bedroom, 2 bath, waterfront home on wooded acre. May 30th-September 15th. $3,000, $1,200 month. 212-935-0730, 516-725-2918.

SCHOOLHOUSE—furnished, North Jersey. Modern conveniences. Exceptional views. 212-783-6333.

VERMONT—WESTON. Spectacular setting. Gracious living. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. Fields, brook, near recreation. Season or part. Tel. 201-652-3068.

WEST COPAKE, N.Y. Furnished house on lake. 10 rooms. July and/or August. 212-288-2359.

CAPE COD—Charming 7 room Cape Cod house in North Truro. July $850. SR Box W-142.

WOODSTOCK AREA, Vermont. Rustic farmhouse, completely equipped. 200 acres, complete privacy. 2 swimming and trout ponds, trout brook, lovely country. $2,500. Also two other country houses in the Woodstock area for summer rental. Roger T. Maher, Realtor, Woodstock, Vermont. 802-457-2800.

BERKSHIRE FOOTHILLS. Furnished cottage, owner's 300 acres; 2 large rooms, bath, kitchenette; near swimming, golf. $200 month. 2 or 3 months, adults. Box W-110.

NEW HAMPSHIRE lakefront cottages, secluded. Season $800 up, option to buy. Evenings 914-667-5671.

TRURO, MASSACHUSETTS—National Seashore. 3 bedroom, compact house, electric kitchen, washer-dryer, on private lake. July. SR Box W-148.

POCONOS—Unusual, attractive cottage, Buck Hill Falls. Near Inn. Secluded, porches, 5 bedrooms, 2½ baths. Season or month. SR Box W-98.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, overlooking Menemsha Pond. Unusual glass house for rent June, July. Photos, plans available. Contact Architect-Owner, C.J.W., c/o General Delivery, Menemsha, Massachusetts. 617-645-9271.

LAUDERDALE, JULY—6 rooms, 2 baths, library. On canal. Near beaches, highways, entertainment. Air, beautifully furnished. $600 July. SR Box W-143.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420. Summer rentals available.

For Rent—Furnished

MANHATTAN—luxury apartment, 3½ rooms, handsomely furnished, color TV, A/C, doorman. July 25th to August 23rd. $446. References. SR Box W-91.

NYC—5th Avenue, 90s. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, dining room, modern kitchen, A/C. 6/15-9/15. $500 month. 212-289-2926.

MANHATTAN—83rd Street, East, sublet. Large living room, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, air conditioning. July/August. $375 month. 212-288-2359.

For Summer Rental

SAN FRANCISCO luxury flat. Couple. July. $400. SR Box W-100.

GEORGETOWN, Washington, furnished, air conditioned, 2 bedrooms, sunny balcony. July-August 24th. $300 monthly. 202-223-4763.

APARTMENT WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT. 3 large, isolated tracts in wooded, rural area near picturesque village. Two have long stretches of fast-running, trout-filled streams, third has extensive protected footage on peaceful pond. Each tract about 40 acres. Box W-31.

GOSHEN, CONNECTICUT, near Litchfield, on Route 63. 100+ acre farm, with 172-year-old home, 8 rooms, 2 baths. Needs some repairs. Tel. 203-229-6568 evenings.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

NOVA SCOTIA—Waterfront farm, modernized: 50 acres. $15,500. SR Box W-147.

VERMONT—400 spectacular acres—$55,000. 46 acre 1820 farm, lake frontage—$40,000. And others. Jim Buckley, Broker, Worcester, Vermont 05682. 802-223-6242.

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HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-515, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

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CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

STUDENT EXPEDITIONS—Summer 1970. Safari in Africa, Hunt-Ride in Ireland, Canoe the Danube or Explore the Amazon. Small select groups, professional leaders. Robinson Crusoe Abroad, Box 02, 360 West 22nd Street, NYC 10011. 212-873-1260.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, provides ranch/travel adventures, boys 13-17. 24th summer. Girls' travel program: Pacific Coast, Alaska. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for students currently in the 8th, 9th or 10th grade: four weeks' audio-lingual instruction in French, German or Spanish followed by a 3-to 4-week homestay in a foreign land. The Experiment has proved that learning a language can be fun—and "living" it in the country where it is spoken exciting. Write: Language Camp, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coeducational. Day and boarding. Ages 10 through 17. Excellent language skills instruction plus fine camping and recreational program. Under direction of professors. Full time reading and testing specialists. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

UNDER SEA ACADEMY—Join a marine archeological expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. Phone 412-335-8844.

THREE WOODLAND CAMPS. Boys 7 to 15. Established 1908. June 25th through August 19th. Enrollment limited to sixty boys per camp. Camper counselor ratio three to one. Balanced flexible program includes time to enjoy being a boy. Write Winona, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

MIDWEST PRIVATE CAMPS. Send for 1970 directory of accredited professional camps. Enclose 25¢ for handling. Write: 1945 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

WATER WORLD SUMMER CAMP—Live aboard 85' yacht cruising the Bahama Islands. An unusual camping sea-venture. Diving, Sailing, Water Skiing, Treasure Hunting, Scuba and More. Coeducational, 12 to 18, P.O. Box 2117, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33303.

GIRLS, 12-15, seeking new challenge in wilderness living: DARK MEADOW is giving small group of congenial campers training in campcraft, nature, Indian culture, swimming and canoeing, work projects, trips. Live in 20' teepees, cook scrumptious meals with simple equipment. Farm & Wilderness Camps, Box S, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

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RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

BEACH PLUM INN, Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts. Small, informal, overlooking sea and harbor. Beautiful accommodations, exquisite food. All sports. 617-645-9454.

LONDON—BUSINESS/VACATION. Rent an Embassy Apartment. 1-6 rooms; 2-12 persons. Custom tailored to your accommodation requirements. Daily Rates. Please write, with dates and numbers to: Box 102, Central Reservations, Embassy Apartments, 34 Queens Gate, London, S.W. 7, England.

"JOHNNY SEESAW'S" IN VERMONT . . . odd name . . . exceptional, friendly inn high on Bromley Mountain near Manchester. Excellent cook . . . fine court and pool. Our folder describes many interests and delights this lovely countryside offers. Children warmly welcomed. Peru, Vermont 05155. 802-824-5533.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded country inn, lovely old estate. Pine woods, gardens, orchards. Near beautiful Cove Beach. 20 rooms. Meals. 617-693-2298. Lambert's Cove Inn, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568.

DISTINCTIVE COTTAGE COLONY in the Green Mountains. Spacious, landscaped grounds. Exceptional quality food. Modified A.P. Pool. Lawn sports. Golf nearby. AAA, ALA, MOBIL, American Express. Mid-May—Mid-October. The Adams, Dept. 2, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

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TRAPP FAMILY LODGE on magnificent Vermont mountain estate. Color brochure. Box 11, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

WHITE CLOUD MOUNTAINS neighbor guest ranch. Fishing, swimming, horses, gracious dining. Patricia Young, Robinson Bar Ranch, Clayton, Idaho. 208-838-2354.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 20 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

TAOS—Art, culture, beauty in northern New Mexico mountains as the personal guest of resident artist. Free brochure. Trebor de Taos, Box 242, Taos, New Mexico 87571.

WILDERNESS, CONVERSATION, FELLOWSHIP. Unusual ecumenical summer community. Seminars, workshops, riding, hiking. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 61)

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in elegant informality in 1-2-3 room apartments with kitchens, air conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

THE HEDGES, Cape May, N.J. Guesthouse, lovely rooms with TV, air conditioning. Parking. 609-884-3353.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE DANA PLACE. Luxurious mountain retreat. Distinctive cuisine, housekeeping condominiums, swimming, tennis. Route 16, Mt. Washington/Pinkham Notch, Jackson, N.H. Tel: 603-383-6822.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

DIVI DIVI—no double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel. Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Pick a unique private casita with beachfront patio or a luxurious terraced room in the main building. Full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar and sand beach. See your travel agent or for color brochure contact Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

VIRGIN ISLANDS private home. Murray, 111 New Road, Kendall Park, N.J. 08824. 201-297-0420.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $45. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquility—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

OLD TIME CHARM—MODERN COMFORTS. Near all activities. Good, warm salt water bathing. Central mid Cape location. Moderate rates include exceptionally good meals. TV lounge, recreation room. Open June 20th. Send for illustrated color folder. Richard Swan, Queen Anne Inn, Dept. 6, Chatham, Cape Cod, Massachusetts 02633.

HOLDEN VILLAGE. Wilderness mountain community. $75 weekly includes faculty, arts, fishing, guides, therapy pool, saunas, meals, stimulating conversation. Chelan, Washington 98816.

SUPERB MAINE SEASIDE RESORT under two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. Theatre, art colony nearby. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603-447-218.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motor Wing, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms; cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

TUCKER HILL LODGE, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673. Tel. 802-496-3983. Rooms, superb food, swimming, tennis, golf, relaxation.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail. Private airstrip adjacent. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

VERMONT'S FOREMOST VACATION VALUE. Famous for fine food. Fun for all ages. Conservative rates include meals. Color folder. John Quinlan, Box 87S, Cedar Grove Hotel, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont 05732.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1886

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sheer cotton fabric of plain weave, usu. checked or striped	90 94 112 126 136 50
B. Tell in detail to others	62 71 92 101 129 173
C. Leverlike device for raising and lowering a bucket in a well	19 55 66 138 148
D. Commonly accepted or supposed	161 12 24 29 69 91 120 134
E. Sound or correct in opinion or doctrine	140 156 165 3 65 108 118 72
F. Howl, screech	117 145 172 38 74 59 61 84 96
G. Great English actor (1787-1833)	6 47 85 107
H. "New occasions teach new ——." (Lowell, "The Present Crisis")	109 89 176 14 51 78
I. Snarl, confuse	82 115 125 150 167 33 26 53
J. Pickpocket	87 103 143 11 34 39 49 57
K. At all future times	75 141 152 163 20 79 88 99
L. Incubus	119 164 64 144 2 28 36 100 142
M. Cotton-ginning center in the Nile delta	7 16 32 73 111
N. Having spines; thorny, as a plant	113 157 166 5 10 56 127 45 81
O. Island where Theseus abandoned Ariadne	128 174 83 131 169
P. Put off, reject, lay aside	133 168 22 37 97 123 23
Q. Annoying, distressing	25 104 30 44 153 76 121
R. County in NE Scotland, site of Cawdor Castle	17 42 1 122 46
S. Detrimental act	116 18 175 80 9 52 158 132
T. The Fair Maid of Astolat	155 27 171 40 67 105
U. Rude language or treatment arising from haughtiness and contempt	41 70 130 15 162 159 60 86 93
V. Novel by George Meredith (2 wds.)	63 154 114 43 149 124 13 135 4 54 68 98 137 58
W. Sumerian and Akkadian demon personifying death	95 48 170 102 106 139
X. Some kings have been "poison'd by ——; some sleeping kill'd" (2 wds., "Richard II")	146 8 160 21 110 147 31 151 77 35

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

				1 R		2 L	3 E	4 V	5 N	6 G		7 M	8 X	9 S	10 N						
11 J	12 D	13 V	14 H	15 U	16 M	17 R	18 S	19 C	20 K		21 X	22 P		23 P	24 D	25 Q					
26 I	27 T		28 L	29 D	30 Q	31 X	32 M	33 I		34 J	35 X		36 L	37 P	38 F	39 J					
40 T	41 U	42 R	43 V	44 Q		45 N	46 R	47 G	48 W	49 J	50 A		51 H	52 S	53 I	54 V					
	55 C	56 N	57 J	58 V		59 F	60 U		61 F	62 B	63 V		64 L	65 E	66 C	67 T					
68 V		69 D	70 U		71 B	72 E	73 M	74 F	75 K	76 Q	77 X	78 H		79 K	80 S						
81 N	82 I	83 O	84 F	85 G	86 U		87 J	88 K	89 H	90 A	91 D	92 B	93 U		94 A	95 W					
	96 F	97 P	98 V	99 K	100 L	101 B	102 W	103 J	104 Q	105 T		106 W	107 G	108 E		109 H					
110 X	111 M	112 A	113 N		114 V	115 I	116 S		117 F	118 E	119 L	120 D	121 Q	122 R	123 P	124 V					
125 I	126 A	127 N	128 O		129 B	130 U		131 O	132 S	133 P	134 D	135 V		136 A	137 V						
138 C	139 W	140 E	141 K	142 L		143 J	144 L	145 F	146 X		147 X	148 C		149 V	150 I	151 X					
152 K		153 Q	154 V	155 T	156 E	157 N	158 S	159 U	160 X		161 D	162 U	163 K	164 L	165 E	166 N					
167 I	168 P	169 O	170 W		171 T	172 F		173 B	174 O	175 S	176 H										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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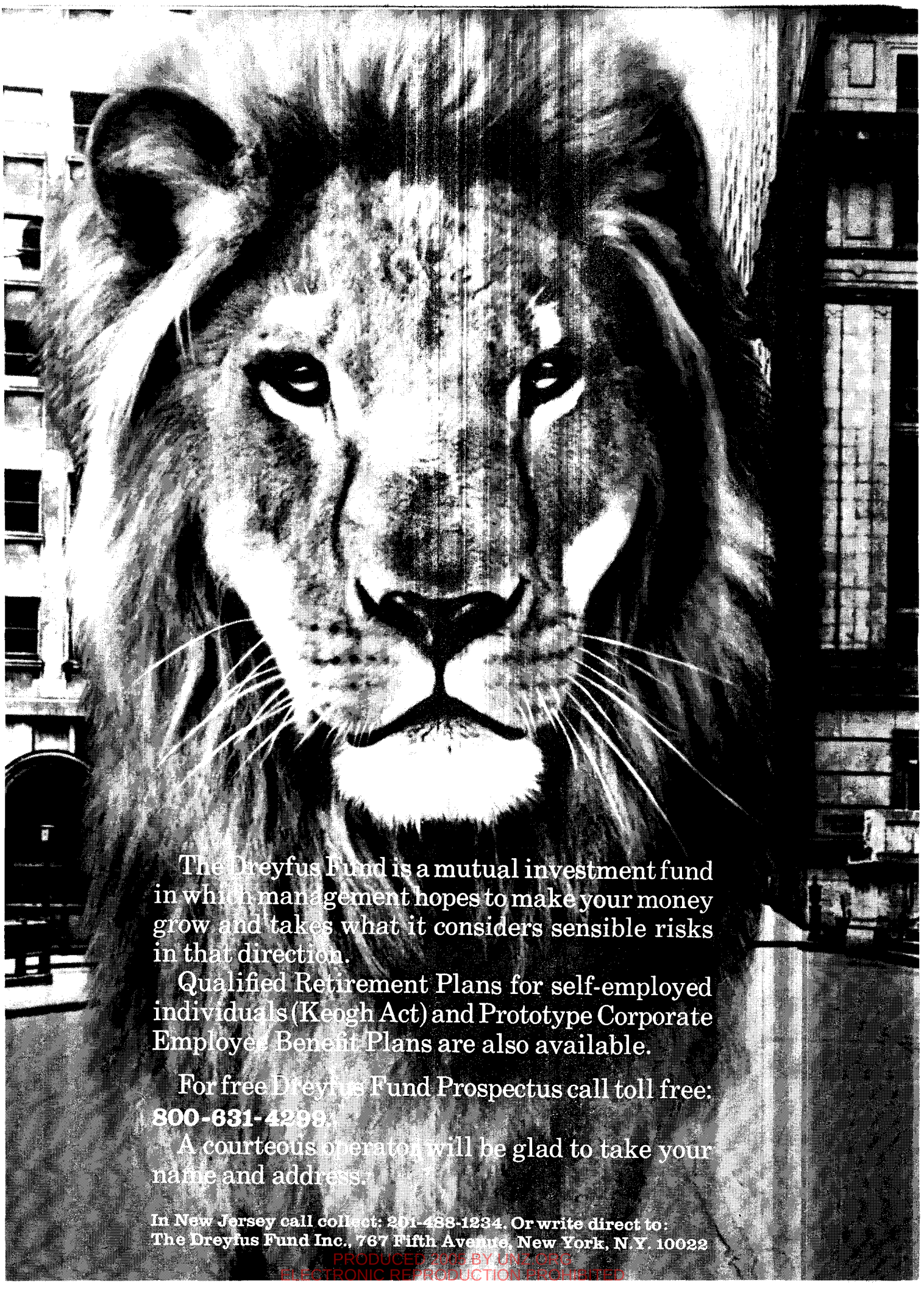

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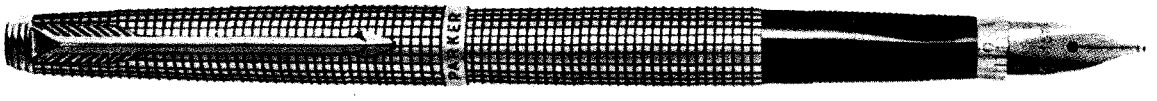
It may surprise you,
but there is such a pen.
A pen with gently
contoured sides so your
fingers can nestle right in.
A pen with two small
treaded places you can
hold—without holding
tightly.
A pen that reminds
your fingers exactly where
they belong.
So without any shifting
around at all,
the pen point will always
lie flat.
And your hand will
not only feel more relaxed,
but your words
will flow more smoothly.

The pen?
Of course, it's a Parker.
The Parker 75.
In sterling silver. At $25.

Wouldn't it make a fitting
gift for some
nice hand you know?

PARKER 75



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